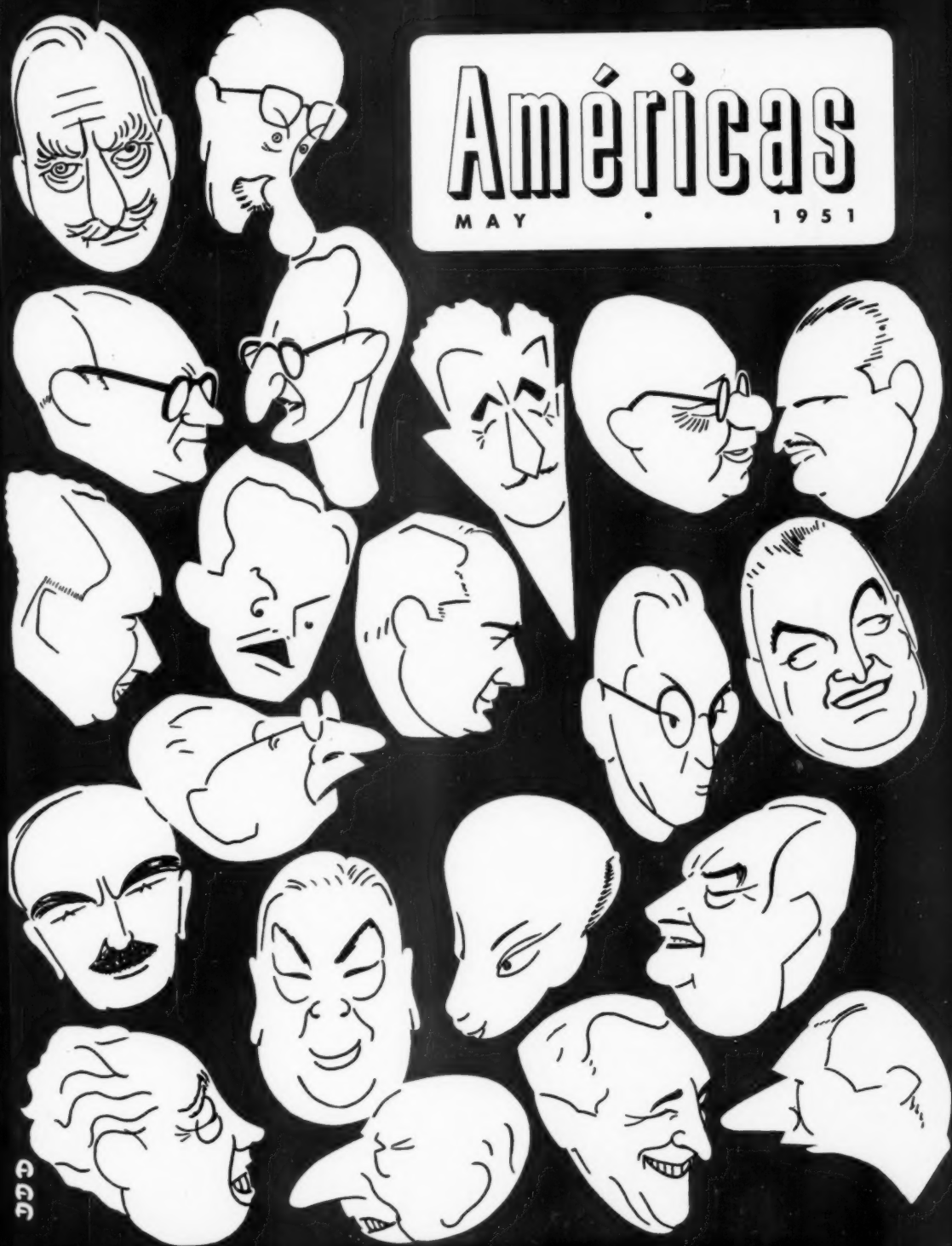
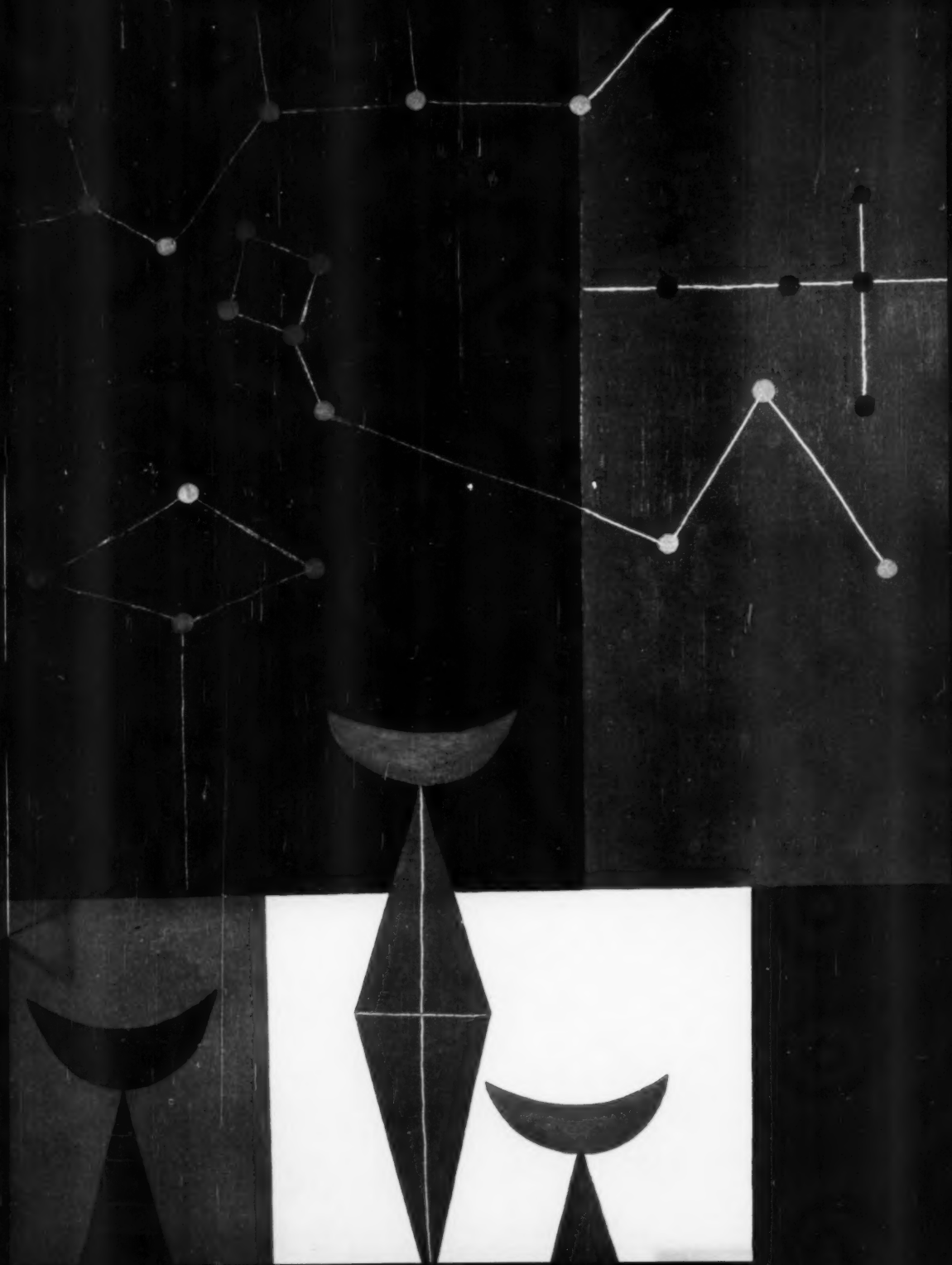


# Américas

MAY

1951





# Américas

Volume 3, Number 5

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Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization of American States, Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.  
Alberto Lleras, Secretary General

### Editor

Kathleen Walker

### Associate Editors

George C. Compton  
Adolfo Solórzano Díaz  
Armando de Sá Pires

### Assistant Editors

Wallace B. Alig  
Mary G. Reynolds  
Benedicta Quirino dos Santos  
Betty Wilson

### Layout & Typography

Presentation Incorporated

### Cover



Cartoonists of Foreign Ministers by Joaquín Zavala of Nicaragua: (1) Dean G. Acheson, United States; (2) Manuel Tello, Mexico; (3) Virgilio Díaz Ordoñez, Dominican Republic; (4) Ernesto Dihigo, Cuba; (5) Roberto E. Canessa, El Salvador; (6) J. Edgardo Valenzuela, Honduras; (7) Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa, representing Nicaragua; (8) Jacques Léger, Haiti; (9) Manuel Galich, Guatemala; (10) Mario Echandi Jiménez, Costa Rica; (11) Luis E. Gómez Ruiz, Venezuela; (12) Carlos N. Boin, Panama; (13) Horacio Walker, Chile; (14) Bernardo Ocampo, Paraguay; (15) Alberto Domínguez Campora, Uruguay; (16) L. Nefali Ponce, Ecuador; (17) Gonzalo Restrepo Jaramillo, Colombia; (18) Pedro Zilveti Acea, Bolivia; (19) Manuel C. Gallagher, Peru; (20) João Neves da Fontoura, Brazil; (21) Hipólito Jesús Paz, Argentina.

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## Dear Reader

Last week the Advertising Club of Washington, D.C., bestowed blue ribbons on two graphic displays made for the Pan American Union, considered outstanding among



five hundred entries in a show dealing with all types of graphic presentation. One was a major exhibit, dealing with ways of emphasizing the importance of the individual through collective action in the community, prepared for the PAU's Regional Seminars on Social Affairs by Presentation Incorporated. It will be shown in Brazil this month at the seminar for



southern South American countries, and has already appeared at the Quito seminar—in which the Bolivian countries and Panama took part—and at San Salvador, where Central America, Mexico, the United States, and the Caribbean area were represented.

The other prizewinner was a photograph made especially for the cover of AMÉRICAS. The award was doubly appropriate, first, because the photo pictured an enlarged detail of one of the magnificent twin lamps of etched glass and wrought iron that light up the Pan American Union plaza on festive occasions; secondly, because the photographer was Scott Seegers, who came to the Pan American Union a little over two years ago to launch the magazine AMÉRICAS. From previous experience as editor of *The Inter-American*, another magazine devoted to Western Hemisphere affairs, he was particularly well qualified to give this new publication an enthusiastic send-off. Although with AMÉRICAS for only a short time, he has maintained his interest in it and is a frequent collaborator, contributing both articles and illustrations.

Mr. Seegers' prizewinning photograph decorated the cover of the March 1950 anniversary issue of AMÉRICAS celebrating the sixtieth birthday of the Pan American Union. At the time, the editorial staff was searching for something appropriate to the OAS, typical of the Pan American Union, and simple enough to make a dramatic cover. First they tried a shot of the OAS emblem that is embedded in the floor of the new administration building. But because of the structure of the lobby, it was too difficult to photograph with proper lighting to bring out its real beauty. So this photo was consigned to an inside cover. Then Mr. Seegers remembered those twin lamps. His original idea was to photograph one of them against its natural background of a beautiful sycamore tree, using a double exposure to accentuate the light and shadow. But the art director who was working with him suggested a detail of the lamp, showing the etched Aztec figures. The result is shown above, the exhibit below it.

*Scott Seegers*  
Secretary General

## CONTRIBUTORS



Chicago-born **CECIL M. SMITH**, who authored this month's revealing article, "The ABC Countries at the Met," has built his love of music into a successful career. Educated at the University of Chicago and at Harvard, he studied various phases of music under such authorities as Leo Sowerby, Walter Piston, and Georges Enesco. In addition to sometime duties as music and drama critic for the *Chicago Tribune*, he was a member of the music-department faculty at the University of Chicago for seventeen years. In 1947, he became associate editor and music and dance critic for *Theater Arts* magazine as well as music editor of the *New Republic*. Since 1948, he has been editor of *Musical America*. Today he is also associate editor of program books for the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society.



Born in southern Peru, on the shores of Lake Titicaca, **EMILIO VÁSQUEZ** grew up in an environment embodying the principle "Today for You, Tomorrow for Me." From his native village of Puno, he crossed the fastnesses of the western cordillera to Lima where he took up history, geography, sociology, and ethnology at the University of San Marcos, from which he graduated with a teacher's degree. Today he is the author of numerous works on Peruvian education in addition to several books of poetry. An authority on such noted Americans as Sarmiento, John Dewey, Simón Rodríguez, and Moisés Sáenz, Mr. Vásquez is a regular contributor to Lima's *Revista del Museo Nacional* and to other outstanding publications both in Peru and abroad.



Born in Spain in 1902, **MANUEL VALDEPERES** is an outstanding authority on "Colonial Art in the Dominican Republic," where he now lives. Upon graduation from the University of Barcelona, where he studied philosophy and letters, he took up journalism, the study of esthetics, and psychology. Today he is assistant director and art and literary critic for the Dominican newspaper *La Nación*. Sr. Valdeperes is author of numerous novels, collections of essays, and books on the theater. His articles have appeared in various publications all over the Hemisphere, including Mexico's *Romances*, Bogotá's *Espiral*, San Juan's *Puerto Rico Ilustrado*, and others. He is also widely known for his work on Rousseau, El Greco, Van Gogh, Poe, and Whitman.

Among his many friends, there is none **HERNANDO TÉLLEZ** values more than "Colombia's Grand Old Man," Baldomero Sanín Cano. One of Colombia's outstanding literary critics, Sr. Téllez is well qualified to discuss the life and times of the distinguished essayist. Beginning his career as a journalist, he turned to the literary life while serving as his country's consul at Marseilles. Since then, he has been a senator and assistant editor of *El Liberal*. Formerly editor of *Semana*, Bogotá's lively newsweekly, he contributes to various newspapers. Only forty-two, he has yet to write his first novel, but has published four volumes of political and literary comment.



"To House A Hemisphere" is a subject in which **AMERICAS** Associate Editor **GEORGE C. COMPTON** has been deeply interested since 1942, when a Roosevelt Fellowship trip took him through various parts of Latin America as far south as Chile, where he studied the labor movement. Widely traveled, Mr. Compton served with the U.S. Army Signal Corps in the Far East during the war, and was a translator at the Ninth Conference in Bogotá in 1948. With the PAU five years, he was at first associated with the Intellectual Cooperation Division, then with the Department of Cultural Affairs. Since then, his frequent byline or initials have been familiar and welcome to every *AMERICAS* reader interested in specific problems of the Hemisphere.



A few months ago in Mexico, **MARY A. EADES** joined a group of U.S. students, whose education in good manners she perceptively writes about in "Ignorants Abroad." Miss Eades is a West Virginian through and through. Born in Hinton, she attended school in nearby Alderson, went on to earn her B.S. in journalism at the state university. In 1944 she was a reporter and feature writer for the *El Paso, Texas, Herald Post*, later coming to Washington where she did news features for the Griffin News Bureau. She has been an associate editor of *Pathfinder* magazine, and until recently was assistant editor of *AMERICAS*, a job she left to marry Fred King, whom she met on her Mexican journey.

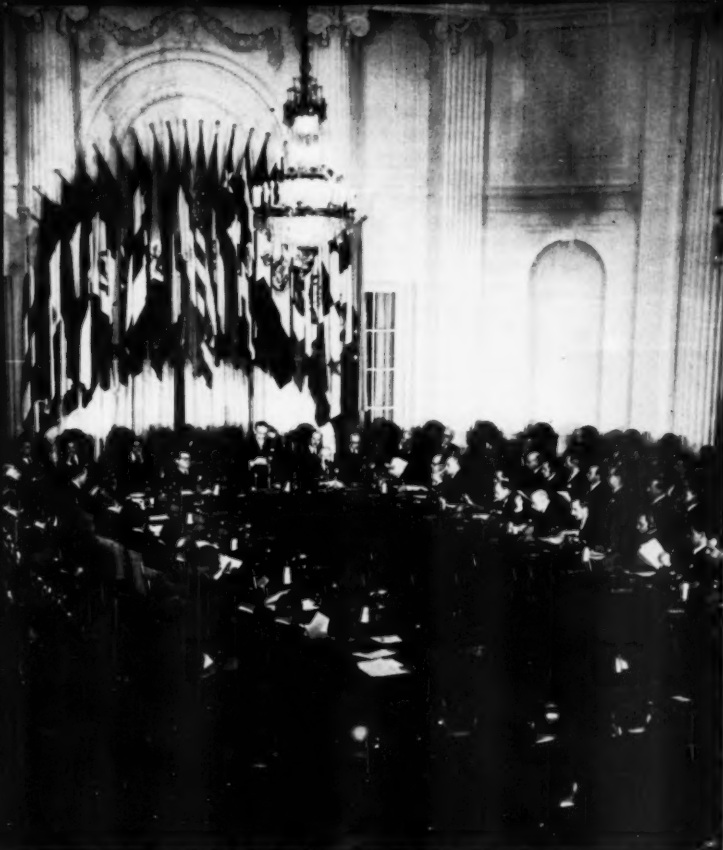
Three figures distinguished in the art and literary world review this month's books. Best-selling author (*Road to Survival*) **WILLIAM VOEGT** discusses *Big Hugh*, by Wellington Brink, the biography of soil conservationist Hugh Bennett. The PAU's **HERNANE TAVARES DE SA** analyzes James Ramsey Ullman's absorbing novel of the Amazon, *River of the Sun*, while **JOSÉ GÓMEZ SICRE**, chief of the PAU visual-arts section, tells us about Paul Westheim's *Arte Antiguo de México*. In a fourth review we examine *World Geography of Petroleum*, edited by Wallace E. Pratt and Dorothy Good.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides *AMERICAS*, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization.





*Signing of the Final Act at Foreign Ministers' meeting in Pan American Union*

# the 4<sup>th</sup> meeting

Alberto Lleras

FOR TWO WEEKS starting March 26, millions of people all over the planet followed without anxiety but with intense interest the developments at a special sort of international meeting, different in nature and procedure from the many gatherings of nations repeated and multiplied since the far-off days of the League at Geneva. It was the Fourth Meeting of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs of American States. The fact that one of the delegates was the Secretary of State of one of the strongest powers of our day, on whose international acts the fate of mankind depends almost decisively, would have been enough to warrant all this interest. But, more than that, the gathering represented half a world—a hemisphere—more than three hundred million people, and at the same time the earth's most intense material development and most extensive unused resources. Considering the weight of this group of nations in any statistical table, it would be impossible for their joint political decisions to pass unnoticed. Everyone is aware, also, that since under the terms of the Charter every decision of the UN Assembly requires a two-thirds vote of all members, the twenty-one American votes are of tremendous importance in the world organization.

Nevertheless, the diplomatic events that took place in the Pan American Union building would not be interpreted everywhere in the same way. Of course, for the people of America from the Canadian border to Patagonia, the system in operation—Pan Americanism—is nothing new. They are as used to it as to their own national congresses; its complex mechanism and political philosophy, beyond the ken of most of mankind, are familiar to school children throughout the Hemisphere. Outside it, on the other hand, both in the chancelleries and among people particularly interested in American affairs, there are many peculiar ideas about what Pan Americanism means. Western Europeans are bound to think of it in terms of their own countries' colonial ventures. Behind the Iron Curtain it is risky to disagree with the official concept of Pan Americanism as "capitalist exploitation of the semicolonial countries by Wall Street, working through the State Department." The people of America stopped trying to explain their system to foreigners some time ago, and now they are not even offended by these interpretations curiously compounded of ignorance and bad faith. Their system is good. It has produced surprising results for the American nations.



*At Washington's Constitution Hall, U.S. Secretary of State Dean G. Acheson opened conference, introduced President Truman*



*Foreign Ministers in Hall of the Americas. From left: Uruguay's Domínguez Cárpora; Paraguay's Ocampos; Nicaragua's Sevilla Sacasa; Guatemala's Galich*



*Nicaragua's Anastasio Somoza, Jr., (left) whispers to his country's representative, Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa; at right is Dr. J. Edgardo Valenzuela, Foreign Minister of Honduras*



*Just before the session. At right (in double-breasted waistcoat) Bolivian statesman Costa del's talks it over with Washington U.S. representative Arthur Sweetser*

It has given their security a firm foundation, guaranteed inter-American peace, and protected from foreign intervention unarmed and small States that in any other zone of influence would have lived a hazardous existence or been subjugated. In an atmosphere of freedom and democracy in international relations unparalleled in history—even in the leagues of the Greek city-states—they view with alarm the dangers facing them across the seas, but have nothing to fear from their neighbors in this Hemisphere. They do not worry about other peoples' skeptical attitude toward their association.

The events of those two weeks took place in an atmosphere typical of inter-American gatherings—the air of a parliament, in which no member fails to say what he thinks or to try to make his point of view prevail, yet never abandons a high concept of responsibility for the common task. At the end, thirty-one resolutions were unanimously approved, almost all vitally important in shaping a collective policy toward the emergency created by the international threat. If no agreement had been reached, those who regard the Pan American system with antipathy and cynicism would have seized on the failure, lauding the independence of the small Latin American nations in open rebellion against "imperialist oppression." But the American States do not meet to destroy their system, but to preserve it, just as the British parliament meets not to impede the government of Great Britain, but to govern.

The resolutions of this Meeting of Consultation were unanimous precisely because there is no rule demanding unanimity. Unanimity is the aim of an international meeting, but to believe it can be achieved by making unanimity a procedural requirement is the very mistake made in other organizations, such as the League of Nations and the UN Security Council. In this latest meeting, as in most inter-American assemblies, unanimity was the product of negotiation and the limitation of individual desires. But the rule of voting is by majority. The two weeks were spent in making compromises, in reducing demands, in winning concessions on each extreme point, laboriously, tenaciously, patiently, in a notable atmosphere of respect for others' opinions—in this case national opinions—until at the last moment unanimity was achieved through a happy formula of agreement. This is an example of the best kind of democratic action among nations. Two things could have destroyed it: if one nation or a minority group of nations had had the privilege of victoriously opposing any decision, that is, a veto; or if a majority group had tried to roll over a minority, arbitrarily imposing the most extreme desires merely because it was a majority. In any parliament subject to these two dangers, its decisions do not represent a democratic judgment. An international system having one or both of these vices will always be weak and will end up being impotent.

The purpose of the Meetings of Consultation in the Pan American system is abundantly clear. The States of this part of the world have agreed to work together for their defense. Even before such vigorous legal ties as the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance, they

had traditionally done this. Does this mean that the American continent will operate as a political bloc in any situation, without discrimination? That just one of the countries can create a dangerous situation involving all the rest? No. Their solidarity requires a shared objective, a common aim, a collective understanding of the purposes of their international association. Consultation was not essential in the European and Asiatic military and political alliances that wove and unwove man's history in threads of blood, for they were not subject to principles, but only to national convenience. If A was attacked by B, then C would make war on B. If A made war on B, C would join A unconditionally. The alliance immediately preceded war and was part of its preparation.

The last typical case of such an alliance was the German-Soviet pact signed a few weeks before the invasion of Poland in 1939. But traditional diplomacy was like that. The ablest diplomat was the one who best evaluated the military importance of his allies and created the strongest combinations. As in the German-Soviet case, it was necessary to split the booty in ad-

interest cannot, in America, justify a wrong position. In most delicate cases closely involving the special interests of each country, there has been no vacillation as between adherence to the principles and the individual conveniences of each State. But clearly, to attain the agreement that makes solidarity possible, even automatic and in the face of unforeseeable events, it was necessary to create a collective international policy, to reinforce it and clarify the principles on which it is based, to repeat and define them time and again until they are stripped of any possible mistake or double interpretation. And that job has been under way for sixty-one years, in continuous consultation, of which this last meeting is but one very important episode.

Many people, especially in the United States, become annoyed with this complex and tedious method of creating a lasting policy. For some, it would seem enough to establish a principle once and for all and then apply it with some flexibility. "That's been said before," is the most common criticism of inter-American conferences, when, along with the apparently cautious steps, a volumi-



Brazil's Neves da Fontoura takes time out to chat with Argentina's Hipólito Paz



In line for a word with Ecuador's Ponce (right) are (from left): Guatemala's Galich, Ecuadorean delegation members Alborno and Moscoso



U.S. envoy to OAS Drier at microphone with Assistant Secretary General Manger, Acheson

vance. But, for the ally's plans, the alliance implied a green light. That policy has never existed in this Hemisphere. American solidarity was not born merely of geography or of a hemisphere's political convenience. It was born of agreement on a series of principles that may well be considered a Pan American constitution. So long as a country's policy follows those principles, it can count on the solidarity of the rest, automatically invoked and expressed without vacillation.

Twenty-four hours after the United States pledged itself to defend the Koreans militarily from communist aggression, the twenty other American States had declared their approval of this policy and from then on backed it unhesitatingly in the United Nations. Indeed, there is no single relevant inter-American treaty, agreement, resolution, or expression of policy that does not unequivocally condemn acts like the aggression in Korea. No American government could explain any different position to public opinion at home. Any national congress can hold its government responsible for an evasion of its obligations, and a pragmatic explanation of the national

nous collection of doctrine inevitably appears. Latin American statesmen do not share this view. The State Department, especially in recent years, has come to understand more clearly the efficacy of the Latin method and has gladly adapted itself to the style that has so few admirers in the United States. For this reason, every inter-American resolution is a history lesson and a repetition of principles, and is always preceded by a series of "whereases" that make it possible to judge it in itself, independently of the rest and of other international agreements. Even in the moments of greatest excitement, this historic thread that ties each decision to moral, political, and legal bases is not abandoned. That is to say, the system is never forgotten.

The Fourth Meeting of Consultation was no exception to these general rules of inter-American behaviour. Consultation was called for because, in the view of one of the members of the Organization, a state of emergency had arisen out of a threat to international peace and the resulting menace to the security of the American conti-

(Continued on page 30)

# back stage at the CONFERENCE



*Key man in each committee room was technician who operated simultaneous-interpretation equipment, checked microphones*

THE DAY AFTER EASTER dawned clear and cold in Washington. Joseph S. Sagona of the State Department's International Conferences Division wearily rolled down his sleeves as he made a final check on the PAU's Hall of the Americas, then pulled out his watch. It was five A.M. With luck, he could catch four hours' sleep before registration began for the biggest inter-American conference in Washington since the birth of the Pan American Union in 1889. As he hurried down the front steps into the flag-decked plaza, he went over his mental checklist once more to be sure the stage was set for the curtain-raiser that afternoon, when President Truman would welcome the American Foreign Ministers at the formal opening of their Fourth Meeting of Consultation.

For the energetic, thirty-three-year-old staff member from State, the grueling round-the-clock schedule he had maintained for the past two weeks was all in the line of duty. Staging conferences is his business, and the first round of this one was over—the pre-conference preparations. Next it was up to him to see that things ran smoothly during the performance and to wind up affairs after the signing of the final act. Then he would be ready to sail for Paris to work on the forthcoming UNESCO meeting in June.

As far back as December, when the U.S. State Depart-

ment asked that the American Foreign Ministers consult in Washington, its International Conferences Division was alerted. IC's services vary according to the size and type of conference. For last year's UNESCO meeting in Florence, it was chiefly a question of arranging security clearance, hotel accommodations, and transportation—complicated during the Holy Year—for the fifty-member U.S. delegation. But the Foreign Ministers' meeting (in State Department parlance a "hostship conference"—that is, one at which Uncle Sam plays host) was a far more complicated job. Besides, an international fisheries

gathering was scheduled for the same time, to be held in Washington's Shoreham Hotel. Fortunately, in joining forces with the Pan American Union's conference division, State would find a crew of specialists in Western Hemisphere gatherings, prepared to handle every type of conference job. To take full advantage of the resources of the Union in its capacity of General Secretariat of the OAS, the State Department asked that an official from its permanent staff be named Secretary General of the meeting. PAU personnel was to help especially with internal organization of the conference, while outside problems of protocol, transportation, housing, and so on, were left in State's experienced hands. Gradually, preparations fell into a pattern.

### Room Service

After the invitations went out in January, "backstage" hands tackled the housing problem. From the subject matter of the conference itself, they got their clue to the size of the delegations to expect from each country. Contacting the Hotel Association, they began reserving space for three-week stays (counting on three or four days' leeway before and after the conference for early arrivals and hangers-on). Over a thousand beds were involved in the transaction, including twenty to thirty suites for Foreign Ministers and other VIP's. Accommodations were funneled through the State Department's Joseph W. Hughes, whose chief job turned out to be trouble-shooting. "You have to use as much diplomacy to get rooms," he said, "as the boys use upstairs settling international problems."

Though 250 delegates were originally scheduled to arrive from Latin America, he was obliged to find lodging for close to four hundred, not counting families. Some delegations requested that all their members be housed under the same roof. Since the conference opened in the midst of Washington's busiest tourist season, a request like this would throw most impresarios into a swivet, but Mr. Hughes adroitly took it in his stride.

With scarcely more than a moment's notice, he could switch rooms from single to double to a suite, if necessary. When one Foreign Minister arrived a few days early at La Guardia Field, New York, while the suite reserved for him in a Washington hotel was still occupied by Easter visitors, conference experts went into a huddle. Then they telephoned the Minister-Counselor of the Foreign Minister's Embassy and suggested that the distinguished visitor's trip would not be complete without a personally conducted three-day sightseeing tour of the world's largest city. The diplomat left for New York on the next plane to act as guide for his chief. A few days later, they arrived in Washington on schedule, and everybody was happy.

Backstagers also took care of another type of room service: checking office space and meeting rooms, and deciding where to hold the inaugural session. Out came the tape measures, and floor plans were drawn up assigning space in the main PAU building to all sections of the secretariat for the two-week duration of the conference: the documents division, the language service, the typing pool, mimeograph unit, and so on. Plenary



*Pan American Union lounge was reporters' hangout, scene of many interviews. Here one takes place between sessions*

sessions were to be held in the vast Hall of the Americas on the second floor, while the new library reference room was converted into two committee rooms. Aware of the sacrifice involved in this arrangement—for months the long-overcrowded Columbus Memorial Library had been waiting for its newly decorated addition and now it was all ready to move in—conference stagehands tactfully padded the temporary partitions with felt to preserve the fresh paint job. Constitution Hall, the auditorium with the largest seating capacity in Washington (3,344), was selected for the inaugural session.

Here are some of the extras required to get the conference ball rolling: ninety yards of green baize table-covering; two dozen copy stands for typists; seventy-five typewriters for the secretariat; five settees; ten lounge chairs; a couple of dozen straight-backed leather chairs; thirty typewriters for the press. Unlike many cities of its size that are old hands at playing host to large gather-



*Pan American Coffee Bureau served delegates coffee at rate of thirty gallons a day*



ings. Washington has no furniture-rental shops. So conference officials had to recruit new pieces and talk furniture stores into renting them. Supplies, according to Mr. Sagona, can be very tricky; and lack of them can irk the most tolerant delegate. So special attention had to be given to providing enough items like pencils, pads, carafes, glasses. Very late in the game, backstageers suddenly discovered a dearth of ashtrays. Not even Sears Roebuck could supply one lot of 125 identical ashtrays in three days on credit. After frantic investigation, they finally got delivery from Philadelphia. Then there was the last-minute decision on identification cards for the delegates' chairs in the Hall of the Americas. The matter was brought to the attention of the proper officials early in the preparatory stage, but no decision was taken and it was eventually dropped. On Easter Sunday, someone brought it up again, and it was decided to use them. Mr. Sagona pales slightly when he recalls the frenzy of finding someone to print the cards within a few hours on a Sunday afternoon.

But demands are not always so urgent, and conference impresarios usually manage to cope with any emergency. Moreover, as efficiency experts, Sagona and his colleagues are careful to keep the taxpayer in mind. Instead of

investing in new office furniture, for example, they pressed into use some discarded desks from the PAU basement, battle-scarred but perfectly satisfactory for temporary duty.

Backstagers had to be ready with decisions—and wise ones—on hundreds of details every day of the conference, and they had to know all the angles. When the Acheson reception came up, they were to choose the locale. A hotel would be too small; the National Gallery would be too big and the atmosphere too cold; besides, the board doesn't allow dancing in the building. So they settled on Anderson House, now a museum and headquarters for the Society of the Cincinnati, whose members are direct descendants of Revolutionary War officers. It was a particularly appropriate choice, since various members of the Anderson family had served the U.S. diplomatic corps in Latin America, and one of them had negotiated the first treaty between the United States and a South American country. Everything from choosing the music, the menu, and the floral decoration (to harmonize with the hostess' gown) to notifying the police to handle traffic—all came within Sagona and company's bailiwick.

### Help Wanted

Besides State Department and Pan American Union personnel detailed to the conference, the 250 members of the secretariat, working round the clock in three shifts, included people on special contract recruited specifically for this meeting. Jobs ran the gamut of international activity at all levels. There were the secretary general (Dr. William Manger, otherwise Assistant Secretary General of the Organization of American States), a deputy (Mr. Clark Willard of the State Department), and three assistants. There was a secretary for each of the three conference committees—on political and military cooperation, on internal security, and on economic cooperation. There were a secretary of plenary sessions, three order-of-the-day officers, presentation and registration people. There were translators and interpreters for four languages; English and Spanish editors; steno pool supervisors (day and night); and personnel officers. There were chauffeurs, maids, and messengers; press, security, and protocol officers. There were truck drivers and sound technicians. There was even a ladies committee, responsible for taking care of delegates' wives; when a stag event was scheduled, they scurried around and arranged a tea party for the ladies.

In filling jobs, personnel officers were careful to select those most likely to be able to stand up under pressure. In one respect they were lucky: international conferences usually attract people of high caliber. A young law student who came to work as a messenger just for the conference experience was typical.

Take Sagona himself, who is now starting his thirteenth year with the State Department and is one of its youngest administrative officers. A native of Buffalo, New York, he started out as a maintenance man in a music store at twenty cents an hour. Two years later he

(Continued on page 43)



Cementing press relations. In triple handshake, from left: National Press Club's Mobley; Uruguay's Campos; PAU's Lever. Interpreting equipment, shown here before installation, was UN perfected, IBM manufactured, is sent to conferences everywhere.





the  
ABC  
countries  
at the  
MET

Cecil M. Smith

"ARE YOU HAPPY to be at the Metropolitan Opera?"

Ramón Vinay paused thoughtfully before he answered. To the Chilean tenor, this was no idle conversation-making question by a reporter, to be passed off lightly with some ready cliché.

"It is perhaps more of a challenge and responsibility than a pleasure," he finally replied. "Nearly all the world's greatest singers sing at the Metropolitan, or have sung there, or will sing there in the future. It's not like the national opera houses of Europe, where artists are somewhat protected by the fact that they're Italian, or French, or Swedish. The Metropolitan is international in character. It draws upon the entire world supply of singers, and an artist who doesn't prove his ability isn't likely to remain there long."

Twenty-five years ago, the acknowledged world supply of first-line operatic artists was concentrated in Europe. At the Metropolitan, the best performers in Italian opera almost invariably came from Italy, in French opera from France, and in German opera from Germany or Austria. Occasionally a U.S. or British singer, like Rosa Ponselle or Florence Easton, became the exception that proved the rule. But for the most part the Metropolitan Opera, from the general manager down to the humblest minor part singer, was monopolized by visitors from the European continent.

In recent years, however, the outlook of the Metropolitan has become more cosmopolitan. It has made far more room for artists born in the United States, who now constitute over half the personnel of the company. It has also discovered the South American continent.

Only fifteen years ago, the Metropolitan engaged its first South American singer. In the 1935-36 season Carlo Morelli—a Chilean despite his Italian name—made his debut as Marcello in Puccini's *La Bohème*. The owner of a rich, powerful baritone voice, Morelli remained with the company for five years. He served the repertory faithfully in a limited list of standard parts and in due season was replaced by younger performers.

The advent of Bidú Sayão, who has enchanted the U.S. public ever since her first appearance in the title role of Massenet's *Manon* on February 13, 1937, made the Metropolitan audience recognize for the first time that a South American artist could uphold the highest vocal and dramatic standards. From the beginning, the ravishing ease and delicacy of her vocal delivery, the pathos and piquancy of her acting, set her apart as one of the leading lyric sopranos of our time. In the fourteen years since, her art has come to seem constantly more precious as the general level of craftsmanship among opera singers has steadily declined. Now in her maturity, she maintains a level of perfection that constitutes a link with the vanished golden age of opera, in which perfection was automatically expected of every major prima donna.

Since both her figure and her voice are slight and fragile, Miss Sayão was not equipped by nature to impersonate the great tragic heroines of opera. She is not an Aïda, a Norma, or a Leonora. Her art is encompassed between the two poles of blitheness and pathos, and she knows the value of proportion and control. As Rosina in *The Barber of Seville* or Adina in *L'Elisir*

*d'Amore* she makes the bright music bubble over in glittering scales and roudades that always sound smiling and often seem to chuckle with mirth. Her acting is bright and effervescent, yet always aristocratic, with never a touch of heavy humor or slapstick. At the opposite end of the gamut, her Mimi in *La Bohème*, her Violetta in *La Traviata*, and her *Manon* are exquisitely touching. Each of these roles follows the same pattern of development, from light-hearted gaiety to a tenderly pathetic denouement. To a degree seldom matched by any of her colleagues in these roles, she calculates to perfection the whole dimension of each performance, keeping both vocal and histrionic details properly scaled and expertly related to a single uniform conception of the character. Because her voice is small, she has mastered the art of understatement: by nuance and inflection she imparts more meaning to the music she sings than many singers with imposing fortissimos. Before she presents a role in public, she surmounts every vocal problem. There is no element of mischance in her singing. She knows the precise facts about her voice, and never attempts either more or less than she can accomplish with complete success.

Balduina Sayão (she later decided that Bidú was a less chilling stage name) was eager to become a singer from the time of her first lessons, at the age of fourteen, in her native Rio de Janeiro. By good fortune her first teacher was herself an artist of sound discipline and serious attainments. A Rumanian dramatic soprano who had retired from the stage to take up a teaching career in Rio, Mme. Elen Theodorini understood how to handle an adolescent girl's voice without subjecting it to premature pressure and strain. At the beginning of the four years she spent in Mme. Theodorini's studio, the young singer had, according to her own testimony, "no apparent voice." Nor was there a musical tradition in her family: her father was a lawyer, and except as a parlor accomplishment music had no place in his calculations for his daughter.

As time passed, however, Miss Sayão's voice grew somewhat in size and took on a sheen that made it a lovely instrument for the coloratura arias she had now learned to sing. When she was eighteen, a trip to Europe turned her in the direction of a musical career. Mme. Theodorini provided her with an introduction to Queen Marie of Rumania, and in Bucharest she made her professional debut, singing both in a recital and in an orchestral concert conducted by Georges Enesco, then and now the most celebrated of all Rumanian musicians. Her success indicated to both Bidú Sayão and her mother that a concert career, if not an operatic one, was a real possibility. Moving to Paris, the young soprano studied with Jean de Reszke, the great Metropolitan tenor of an earlier day. Because she was still persuaded that a Brazilian society girl could not consider becoming an actress, she coached only songs with De Reszke.

When De Reszke died a year later, Miss Sayão went to Italy. Here, where opera was everywhere accepted as a normal feature of everyday life, her inherited scruples against the stage disappeared. At the Costanza Theater



Soprano star Bidú Sayão with pet traveling companions, native Brazilian marmosets "Pelleas" and "Melisande." Below: Miss Sayão as Violetta in Verdi's *La Traviata*



in Rome, an opera house second in importance only to La Scala in Milan, she made a brilliant debut in *The Barber of Seville*. "I was a coloratura then, with a high F," she recalls. "Nowadays, as a lyric soprano, I never sing above D." Once launched, her career in Europe continued without a break. She appeared at La Scala, and returned to Rome for the gala opening performance of Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto* when the remodeled Costanza Theater was transformed from a private opera house to a state-supported one. She visited Madrid, Lisbon, Budapest, and Vienna. In Paris she sang at both the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique.

When an invitation to join the Metropolitan came to her before the opening of the 1936-37 season, she shifted her allegiance with the wholeheartedness that has marked her entire artistic career. The United States became her new home, and in the fourteen years since her westward crossing of the Atlantic she has never gone back to sing in Europe. Indeed, her crowded schedule in the United States has kept her from appearing in South America as frequently as she would have liked. She has visited Buenos Aires, Montevideo, and São Paulo, as well as Rio de Janeiro, but has never sung on the South American west coast. Since 1946 she has not been to

South America at all. She hopes to return to Rio during her summer vacation from concert and opera engagements in the United States. But she may not spend the entire summer in South America, for she and her husband, Giuseppe Danise, an eminent baritone of the Metropolitan in the 1920's and early 1930's, own a summer home on the cool coast of Maine, and the temptation to rest and enjoy the simple life is almost irresistible. "But," she muses, "I should not want my own fellow-countrymen to feel that I intended to snub them."

After the departure of Morelli in 1940, Miss Sayão remained the sole representative of South America at the Metropolitan Opera until the arrival, on February 22, 1946, of the young Chilean tenor Ramón Vinay. Literally as well as figuratively, Vinay worked his way up from the bottom. When he first began to study voice, he considered himself a bass. In his operatic debut, in 1933, he was a baritone. Six years later he was a heroic tenor, capable of singing such weighty parts as Otello and Samson.

Born in Chillán, some two hundred miles south of Santiago, Vinay is a fellow-townsmen of the celebrated pianist Claudio Arrau, though the two musicians never met until after both left Chile. Most of Vinay's life has been spent outside his native country. His father, a French emigré in the haberdashery business in Chile, took the boy back to the old family home at Digne, in southern France, after he had finished high school. There he learned the clothing trade from his father, and at the same time studied violin and played in the local symphony orchestra. In his early twenties he was sent to Mexico to work in a department store. (Many such stores in Mexico, Vinay points out, are operated

by Frenchmen.) Here he decided for the first time to study singing. Making his debut in 1933, he proceeded to fill many of the standard baritone roles of the Italian repertory, and added to his income by regular appearances on the Coca-Cola radio program.

In 1939 he ventured to the United States for the first time and found a singing job in a musical revue called *The Streets of Paris*. His assignment was scarcely an impressive one: toward the end of the first act he came on stage, surrounded by a chorus and half a dozen sartorially elegant Brazilians, to sing *The South American Way*, a song that prepared the audience for the entrance of Carmen Miranda. Having accomplished this self-effacing task, his work for the evening was done. Vinay remained with *The Streets of Paris* for two weeks in Boston and two more in New York, then took his baritone voice back to Coca-Cola and the opera in Mexico.

For the next four years, after parting company with the haberdashery business, he earned a living in touring opera companies. One evening in 1943 in Torreón, a town in northern Mexico, a performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci* was threatened with cancellation when the tenor scheduled for the role of Turiddu in *Cavalleria Rusticana* announced that he was too ill to sing. No substitute was available, and the situation looked bleak. To save the performance, Vinay—who was to sing Silvio in *Pagliacci*—volunteered to lighten the tenor's load by singing for him the offstage *Siciliana*. Relieved of this aria, the tenor agreed to go on. Vinay, who was accustomed to vocalizing up to high A, had no outward difficulty with the aria, which runs up only to A flat, and the audience never knew of his good deed.

This experience suggested to the young baritone that he might develop his upper register to sing the more interesting repertory that falls to the lot of tenors. He retired from the stage for six months, and remade the placement of his voice. In 1944 he learned the role of Otello, was auditioned for it, was engaged, and introduced himself as a tenor in a performance at the Mexico City opera. His colleague as Iago was his compatriot Carlo Morelli. From that day forward Vinay remained a tenor. The only trouble, he recalls, was that friendships were strained among his acquaintances and admirers, who argued fiercely as to whether he was a better baritone or tenor.

The following year he added Samson to his repertory, singing the part in Mexico under the baton of the French conductor Jean Morel. Pleased with the tenor's ability to handle a French role, Morel, one of the conductors of the New York City Opera Company (the popular company with seasons parallel to those of the Metropolitan), arranged for him to appear with them at the New York City Center. His contract called for one performance as Don José in *Carmen*. The fee was \$100. Since his transportation cost \$350, it was not a very satisfactory financial deal, but it was an opportunity to make himself known in the United States as an operatic tenor. As matters turned out, he appeared in three performances instead of one as Don José and at the end of the season found himself in possession of a contract to



Chilean tenor Ramón Vinay: (above) in role of *Pagliacci*, (below) with opera colleagues Winifred Heidt (left) and Zinka Milanov





Argentine soprano Delia Rigal sings dramatic, tragic roles. At left, as Elisabetta in Don Carlo, Verdi opera revived with great success at the Met this year

sing at the Metropolitan the following year.

In his first year at the Metropolitan, the management entrusted only the role of Don José to Vinay. By his second season, he had proved himself and was given the role of Rhadames in *Aida*. A month after the season opened, Torsten Ralf, who then regularly sang *Otello* at the Metropolitan, fell ill, and Vinay stepped into the part on nine hours' notice, without rehearsal. The aplomb with which he carried off this difficult assignment assured him, if such assurance was still needed, of his permanent place on the Metropolitan roster. It also attracted Arturo Toscanini's interest and the great Italian conductor asked Vinay to work with him in preparation for a gala performance of *Otello* at the postwar reopening of La Scala in Milan in December 1947.

When Toscanini later decided not to conduct the projected Milan performance, Vinay naturally was bitterly disappointed. But a recompense came in the form of an invitation to sing the role in the conductor's broadcast of the opera over the National Broadcasting Company network. Nor was he denied the chance to sing the part at La Scala, for Victor de Sabata, who took over the performance Toscanini abandoned, requested him to appear in it. The timetable was close. On December 13, 1947, he sang over the radio in the United States with Toscanini. On December 14, he boarded a plane and the following day was on the La Scala stage for dress rehearsal.

Since that time *Otello* has remained Vinay's most celebrated musical characterization. He sang the part in the opening performance of the 1948-49 Metropolitan season, and again at the opening of the La Scala season in December 1950. Last summer his participation in this opera when the Scala company visited England made him the only non-Italian member of the touring group. Except for Mario del Monaco, no Italian tenor now regularly sings the role.

The character of the swarthy Moor is particularly well adapted to Vinay's special gifts. As a former baritone, he is not a candidate for Manrico in *Il Trovatore*, or

any of the other roles in which the tenor's main function is to hurl out impressive high notes. He admits freely that high notes are not his stock in trade, although of course he possesses them. He is primarily a character singer, a dramatic interpreter rather than a *bel canto* vocalist. When he appeared as Canio in this season's redesigned production of *Pagliacci*, he showed his flexibility in adapting himself readily to an experimental, fanciful, and non-realistic manner of staging the work.

Within the past year and a half, Vinay has begun to interest himself in Wagnerian opera. In San Francisco and New York he has sung Tristan with distinguished success, and he is now studying Siegmund in *Die Walküre*. German is still a bit of a problem for him. To get the sound of the language and develop conversational fluency, he employs a wire-recording machine, which plays correctly spoken German to him while he shaves. His wire recorder, incidentally, is useful to him in a musical way, too, for it gives him unlimited rehearsal time without the expense of an accompanist through the expedient of recording the instrumental parts of the operas he is learning. He studies tirelessly and with a long-range view. Although he does not expect to sing in *Siegfried* for several years, he frequently plays the instrumental recording so that he will know the orchestral music completely and subconsciously by the time he begins formal study of the role.

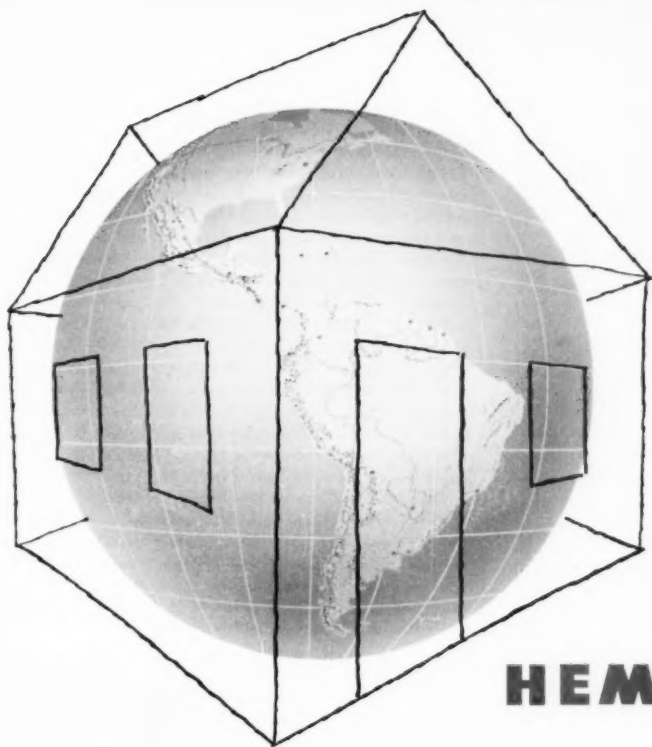
Argentina, too, is making a contribution to the Metropolitan. At twenty-seven, Delia Rigal is one of the youngsters of the roster. Her debut last fall as Elisabetta in Verdi's *Don Carlo* showed immediately, however, that she is a mature and eloquent artist. Oldtimers in the audience found themselves harking back to the great days of Claudia Muzio and Rosa Ponselle to find a parallel to the urgent emotionalism and the noble breadth of line of Miss Rigal's singing of the tremendous last-act scene. In her physical bearing on the stage, too, she was every inch a queen. In every way this was one of the striking debuts of recent years.

The Argentine soprano is a tragic singing-actress by natural gift of temperament. Unlike Miss Sayão, she has no spontaneous feeling for comic opera. The broad emotions, the deep colors, the sweeping phrases of Verdian cantilena quicken her imagination and call forth her best powers. Whereas Miss Sayão's Violetta in *La Traviata* is fragile and poignant, Miss Rigal's is passionate and imperious, swept along by feelings beyond control. Her performance, like that of Muzio, is conceived in grand terms and suited to the big expanses of a house like the Metropolitan or the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires.

Miss Rigal's native feeling for Italian operatic expression may be an inheritance from her Italian father. Her mother is Uruguayan, and Miss Rigal was born and trained entirely in Buenos Aires. Seemingly she always expected to become a prima donna. In her early teens she enrolled in the school operated under the auspices of the Teatro Colón, where she obtained her early operatic education from such masters as the régisseur Otto Erhardt and the conductor Hector Panizza. By the

(Continued on page 27)





# TO HOUSE A HEMISPHERE

George C. Compton

EVEN THE WEALTHIEST countries are blotched with city slums and primitive rural shacks. These aren't just eyesores; they're all that millions of families have to call home. Absence of sanitary facilities, dilapidated construction, lack of outdoor play space, and overcrowding sometimes to the extent of ten people sleeping in one room—all add up to disease, inefficiency at work, juvenile delinquency. According to a PAU estimate made in 1947, twenty-five million dwelling units in Latin America do not meet the minimum standards. And millions of people cannot afford needed improvements, let alone new houses.

Biggest obstacle is the gap between the cost of a decent house and what low-income families can afford. In Guatemala, for instance, the typical rural family has only nominal cash, needs four hundred dollars for a new or improved dwelling. More than half the city families can't afford even fifteen dollars a month for shelter, and at present rates that will meet only about half the payment on a simple, adequate structure with land and utilities. The same problem is repeated in country after country. Right here in Washington, when a slum area was condemned to make way for a government building, nobody knew where the inhabitants could get new living space for the fifteen or twenty dollars a month they could pay. Guatemala, which has recently coordinated its housing activities in a new national

Housing Department, is doing something about the situation. So are the other American republics.

Recognizing the urgency of housing needs, they made a housing research and training center one of the first projects in the OAS technical-cooperation program growing out of "Point Four." Three projects in all were approved by the Inter-American Economic and Social Council last December 12: the housing center, sponsored by the Pan American Union; a workshop on the teaching of communicable-disease nursing, sponsored by the Pan American Sanitary Bureau; and a center to provide training and consultant services on hoof and mouth disease, or *aftosa*, sponsored by the Sanitary Bureau and the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences. While organization goes ahead on these programs, the Council has authorized nine additional top-priority projects. Other sponsors are the Inter-American Statistical Institute, the Inter-American Indian Institute, the Pan American Institute of Geography and History, and the American International Institute for the Protection of Childhood.

The OAS has a special fund for this technical-cooperation program, to which fourteen Latin American countries have already pledged \$275,813 for 1951. Since the United States agreed to foot 70 per cent of the bill, its contribution figures out to \$643,566 in a pledged total of \$919,379. Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, the Dominican



*Before and after in Puerto Rico. Rural family that lived in shack (above) got clean new house for \$300 by cooperative building with government help. Housing Center will study such systems*

Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela have all promised to meet part of the cost. The U.S. contribution represents a part of that country's over-all "Point Four" appropriation, the rest of which will be put to use through the United Nations and directly by U.S. Government agencies.

Once a majority of the countries for which a given project is designed indicate their willingness to participate, the OAS Coordinating Committee on Technical Assistance allocates authorized funds. (The Committee is made up of the heads of the seven cooperating agencies that will organize the projected centers and services, with OAS Secretary General Lleras as chairman.) In the case of the housing center, the plan is designed to help all OAS member states, and at the rate acceptances and offers of sites are coming in, it should soon be in operation. Field studies of offered sites are being made both for the *alfasa* center and for the housing center, and the Coordinating Committee will make the selection.

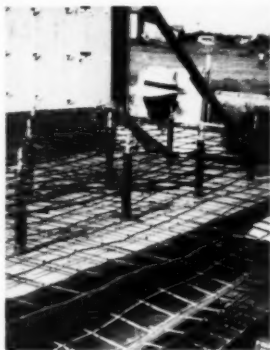
Nearly \$66,000 is budgeted to the housing center for this year. This will pay the salaries of the technical staff, provide fellowships for trainees, and meet certain expenses for supplies, equipment, and services. But in none of the projects will investment for plant facilities come out of the technical-assistance fund. The host country will provide the necessary buildings, housekeeping services, and much of the equipment. It is hoped that the host will be a country that has had experience in housing research, where the trainees can observe firsthand a going

housing program. On the center's staff will be a director, engineers, architects, a sociologist-economist, and so on.

The Housing Research and Training Center will deal with materials and building methods, planning and design of minimum dwelling types for urban and rural housing in all climates, occupancy and management, and related aspects of housing legislation, administration, and finance. All efforts will be aimed at lowering costs. Some of the main reasons for excessive housing production costs which the center's program will tackle are uneconomical design, outmoded building methods, underdeveloped building-material industries, and insufficient trained housing technicians.

Many countries have made important strides in construction, financing, or planning methods, but their progress is not well enough known in other lands. So the center will start off collecting all possible data by reviewing the literature and by field investigation, making it available to all on convenient index cards.

The center will carry out actual experiments with all kinds of construction materials, seeking ways of using cheaply and effectively those locally available in the various regions. These will include woods—new uses will be tried for bamboo, for example—clay or earth stabilized with cement, boards made from various fibers, and plastics. Materials sent in to the center will be



*Experimental construction: liquid concrete will be poured over steel reinforcing net*



*Details of experimental terra cotta house under construction at Aibonito, Puerto Rico*

tested. Special analysis will be made of such structural elements as roofs, walls, and floors, and attention will be given to mass-production methods, standardization, and new building techniques. Model houses will be designed and built. The center will widely demonstrate its findings by introducing them in actual developments, working in close cooperation with national housing agencies.

Travel and subsistence allowances for a year's work at the center will be provided annually for at least one trainee from each OAS member country. Under special arrangements, the host country can send additional trainees. Courses will be given in low-cost project planning and design, construction methods and building materials, sanitation, project management, housing administration, and related fields. Instruction will be com-

lined with practical experience in field research. Trainees themselves will work as draftsmen, construction supervisors, and librarians, will erect buildings and test materials. Graduate students in architecture, engineering, city planning, sociology, economics, and other subjects related to housing may qualify. Candidates, nominated by the governments, will be selected by the Pan American Union.

Besides these information and training programs and the publication of the results of its own research, the center will offer technical consultation services by staff members, lectures, and seminars.

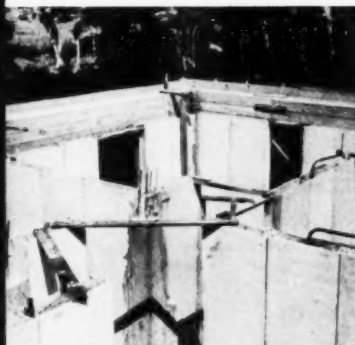
Many countries' experience will help the housing center's staff. Colombia has had a vigorous low-cost housing program. In contrast to what happened in other countries, the first efforts came from smaller municipalities rather than the capital or the central government. As far back as 1918, 2 per cent of municipal revenues was set aside for housing improvement. The national campaign got under way with the creation of the Instituto de Crédito Territorial in 1939. After exhaustive study, in 1947 the institute prepared a significant national long-range housing program, with a three-year plan of action.

Much of the plan has been put into execution, with sound financing, a well-balanced urban-rural building

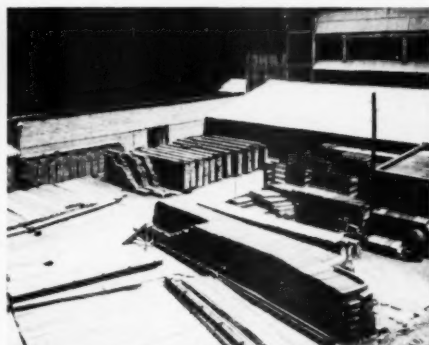
mately two thousand dollars). Application of new building methods kept the figure down. Walls were precast on the project site. Precast columns and floor-beam slabs were made at a central plant. A mixture of cement with the pulverized residue of waste bricks obtained free from brick factories proved both cheap and strong.

At first the program was financed by "forced investment": the law required all individuals and companies to invest 5 per cent of income above the first ten thousand pesos after payment of normal taxes in 3 per cent twenty-year housing bonds. But too much money came in, for construction could not keep up with the fund, and interest payments on the bonds ran ahead of revenue from the housing. In 1949 the system was changed to a straight 2½ per cent tax on incomes above ten thousand pesos, plus a 1 per cent surtax to retire the bond issues. The Colombian agency prefers to sell its houses, on a twenty-year mortgage basis, with life insurance premiums included in the payments. Special regulations have been set up to avoid a common danger where a policy of selling is followed—that projects for low-income families may end up occupied by middle-income groups.

In Puerto Rico, modern housing is being built under both private and public programs, but this construction could not eliminate the backlog of slum houses and keep up with population growth without overtaxing the



Center will try new materials and methods. Puerto Rico Cement Company builds house of precast concrete slabs



Prefabricated parts for houses at materials research laboratory of Colombia's active government housing agency, Instituto de Crédito Territorial



Modern low-cost apartment construction in Realengo, Brazil. Lowering costs is main aim of PAU's Housing Center

program, country-wide distribution with preference given to housing co-ops and participation by private industry, and early acquisition of land before prices soared. Basic research on building techniques, standardization of materials, and use of local materials was carried on in the institute's own large workshop and laboratory. Revolutionary site-planning and dwelling-design concepts were introduced. Since low-income families are not likely to have automobiles, projects are laid out for maximum pedestrian and bicycle transportation, with a significant saving in land and utilities costs. The housing agency even decided to buy bicycles wholesale for resale to occupants at cost. In the Muzu neighborhood of 1,030 dwellings under construction in the outskirts of Bogotá, total cost per unit is only five thousand pesos (approx-

imately two thousand dollars). So a novel method has been developed to help those who cannot be reached by the conventional programs. Under this "aided self-help" system, families can get simple, clean, three-room houses for three hundred dollars by cooperatively building their own. For one type of rural housing, the Land Authority provides a simple machine with which the settlers make concrete blocks, four hundred to a house. Each family makes a down payment of twenty dollars for the plans, tools, and machinery, pays ten dollars more when construction is finished, and the balance at \$2.50 a month over ten years. In clearing city slums, sometimes the shacks are moved to a suburban site with sanitary facilities, then the Housing Authority helps the owners improve or replace

(Continued on page 46)



# COLOMBIA'S grand old man

Hernando Téllez

*Preparatory to an evening with his books, nonagenarian Baldomero Sanín Cano, noted Colombian author, lights a lamp in his Bogotá home*

ACCORDING TO ALL THE CRITICAL INDICATIONS, Colombians recognize Baldomero Sanín Cano as the most famous of their living writers. The stroller in the Basque beret, who in Bogotá's twilight hours makes his way along Carrera Séptima, inevitably draws attention; that magnificent Swiss peasant's head has appeared many times in the newspapers. Undoubtedly they also agree that he is the oldest—that he is, in fact, dean of Latin American prose writers. For now he has reached his nineties, resting his right hand on a stick to assure the accuracy of his step, with his sight aided by thick lenses to guarantee him exact focus on nature and on life.

But it is not agreed that Sanín Cano supports feebly on his square shoulders the weight of a scant century of life. He carries it easily, fearlessly, tirelessly, and with a prodigious reserve of humor that lights up his eyes with a malicious twinkle. This ninety-year-old master is a man "condemned to live young" all his life—at present a century minus ten miserable years. But we shall see. . . .

Here, then, to start with, is something extraordinary: a beautiful longevity. Extraordinary, because in the world of the last hundred years—a world of atrocious wars, complete mechanization, tyrannical ideologies—man has been condemned to die early in life. Much sooner than one would expect, considering his love of his fellow men, or to judge by the official programs concerned with birth rates and the pamphlets on health

policies issued by the United Nations. Of course, there must be many exceptions like Sanín Cano in this wide and tormented world. But that proves nothing contrary to the general rule of collective slaughter, periodic hunger, general misery, and systematic cruelty that are some of the most effective antidotes to life invented by man.

So the example of Sanín Cano, a man who has been able to survive ninety years to tell the tale, is both admirable and intriguing. His knowledge of cultural matters, for example, has the fundamental advantage of true experience—firsthand and of long duration. When Sanín Cano speaks, let us say, of Colombian history, he seems to settle back on his solid ninety years as on a cushion of security, saying: "I know Colombian history not because I have learned it but because I have lived with it." It is the advantage of living truth in contrast

to truth on paper, codified in books. But that truth is his too. Sanin Cano began to read at the age of five, and he has not stopped. He has read in Spanish, French, English, German, Italian, Danish, Latin, and Esperanto all that is worthy of being read, and a little more. I say a little more, because without the counterbalance of stupid writing, the wisdom stored up in books would lose a little grace and brilliance, just as with a dearth of ugly women, the charm of the pretty ones would lose the captivating force of contrast.

He has traveled through Europe and almost all the Americas. He has known hundreds of important men and thousands and thousands of mediocre men. He has been a school teacher in Titiribi—a village in the Department of Antioquia with a name that sounds like a cock's crow—and professor of languages at the University of Edinburgh; superintendent of a mule-drawn streetcar line in Bogotá, and war correspondent on the Allied front from 1914 to 1918; soldier, without firing a shot, in one of Colombia's civil wars at the end of the nineteenth century, and diplomat in the first half of the twentieth; farm boy in Rionegro—his birthplace in Antioquia—and cosmopolite in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Buenos Aires. Journalist, literary and political essayist, interpreter of sociology and history, literary and art critic, delver into mathematics, indefatigable investigator of philosophies, lover of beauty in its varied and multiple forms, passionate devotee of truth and justice, tireless defender of liberty, sage and troubled witness of human shortcomings, this Colombian writer whose work spans seventy productive years and at least fifty of fame does not consider himself a real writer. His extraordinary sense of humor and his unassailable modesty led him some years ago, when honored by the Buenos Aires magazine *Nosotros*, to pronounce these typical phrases, which synthesize a lesson in criticism:

*Patio at home of late, renowned poet Guillermo Valencia in Popayán. Here Sanin comes to relax part of each year*



"Breaking with my natural timidity and greatly exaggerating your perspicacity, I dare say you have shown me this honor because you have discovered that I am a writer without equal. But in fact, I have no rival among the poets because I have never written verses. I have none among the novelists because, incapable as I am of viewing myself introspectively in order to transfer my ideas and sentiments to imaginary people, I have neither plotted nor published novels. The glow of the footlights fascinates me, but—being a stranger to great emotions who cannot stand the suspense of awaiting public reaction—I have preferred to contemplate that light from the orchestra seats instead of the wings, where the dramatists station themselves and where life throbs with a Dionysiac rhythm. Nor have I a rival among the essayists, because no one can say he can induce sleep or prolong his reading vigil with a book of essays I have perpetrated. I consider all philosophical systems plausible



*"River of melodious waters" flows under this colonial bridge in Cauca Valley near Popayán, Sanin's second home*

and have not thought it necessary to create new explanations of the diverting and difficult enigma of the universe; therefore, I do not have a rival among the philosophers. In conclusion, I have no rival among the journalists, because, as you know, in this beautiful profession that is almost an apostolate aspiring to martyrdom, rivalry is absent and incomprehensible."

But the smiling critical inspection Sanin Cano makes of his own work does not coincide with the testimony of Latin American intellectuals. It is established and accepted that he is a teacher in the humanistic sense of the term, not, as he would have it, because he has taught in a rural school in his home province.

Baldomero Sanin Cano was born June 27, 1861, in Rionegro, "old, noble, high, and, because of its surroundings, the most beautiful colonial city of Antioquia, through which blew the strong wind of passions that gave birth to the war begun two years before," as he writes in his latest book. Together his youth and maturity



represent a disciplined and admirable effort at self-education, since his three years in the Rionegro primary school and six in the Normal School, where he took the regular teacher's course, amounted in those days to very little formal education.

In 1885 Sanín Cano traveled to Bogotá for the first time. He made friends among influential men and the common people. He worked as cataloguer in the library of a famous Cuban, Rafael Merchán; he wrote articles for the press; he took part in politics and in literary gatherings. He received his first payment as a writer (twelve Colombian pesos) for a newspaper commentary on the diplomatic incident with Italy over the matter called the "Cerrutti claim." He made and published a translation from the Italian of the work *The Century of Nerves*, by Paolo Mantegazza, of which he sold only one copy. Afterward, he got an office job with the Bogotá



Above: Globe-trotter Sanín as he looked in London in 1911. Right: a recent picture



Carrera Séptima is main Bogotá thoroughfare. Here Sanín Cano with his Basque beret is familiar sight to evening strollers

streetcar company (*Tranvía de Bogotá*), owned by U.S. capitalists, and was shortly promoted to the job of superintendent, which he held for seventeen years. In 1905 he married Doña Josefina Piedrahita, a *bogotana*.

From that year on, Sanín Cano has been in the public eye. President Rafael Reyes named him Finance Minister (then called Secretary). In 1909 he traveled to London on an official visit, and after three months in the English capital was dismissed because of a change in the Colombian government. He decided to stay in Europe and for fourteen years worked indefatigably on literary works that paid well. He was a university professor, translator, contributor to daily newspapers and magazines, correspondent for *La Nación* of Buenos Aires.

Several of his books date from this stage of his life:

*La Administración Reyes* (*The Reyes Administration*); Colombia, written in English at the request of a London publisher and signed with the pseudonym L. Levin; *An Elementary Spanish Grammar*; and *Spanish Reader*. In 1911 he returned to Colombia for a while, visiting the United States on his way back to Europe. During the next twenty-five years he divided his time between England, the Continent, and America, leading the restless life of a curious, tireless traveler. In 1935 he accepted the post of Colombian Minister to Argentina, and from then until 1938 was in various Latin American countries: Peru, Chile, Uruguay, Venezuela, Brazil, Ecuador, and Cuba.

In the midst of this constant wandering, Sanín Cano continued writing, studying, reading, observing events and peoples. His first book of essays, and probably the most famous of all he has published, *La Civilización Manual y Otros Ensayos* (*Manual Civilization and Other Essays*), was printed in Buenos Aires in 1925. It was followed a year later by his *Indagaciones e Imágenes* (*Inquiries and Images*), published by Germán Arciniegas in Bogotá; in 1932, a great friend of Sanín's, Abel Otero, brought out another volume, *Crítica y Arte* (*Criticism and Art*); in 1934, the Colombian publisher Arturo Zapata published *Divagaciones Filológicas y Apólogos Literarios* (*Philological Digressions and Literary Fables*); in 1944, the Fondo de Cultura Económica of Mexico, in its literary collection *Tierra Firme*, included the work *Letras Colombianas* (*Colombian Letters*).

But why do the Mexican Alfonso Reyes, the Chilean Gabriela Mistral, the Venezuelan Rómulo Gallegos, the Cuban Jorge Mañach, the Argentine Francisco Romero, and, naturally, the Colombians, all refer to Sanín Cano as a teacher? What are his teachings? The question is not difficult to answer.

Sanín Cano made his appearance in the Spanish letters of America during the 1880's, when romanticism dominated the prose and poetry of the Latin—as well as the non-Latin—part of the continent. There is nothing arbitrary about that characteristic, as literary criticism and historical analysis have with indelible injustice supposed. Romanticism as a form of life and literary

expression—we are confining ourselves now to Latin America—belonged in the category of a historical imperative from which neither the artist nor the common man could escape. Starting with Rousseau, everything in Europe began to be romantic, imperceptibly at first, then explicitly. This is not the place to point out how much time it took European history after Rousseau to become entirely and completely romantic. But the distance in time from Rousseau to Chateaubriand or Musset shows the rhythm of the process. In Latin America, as a consequence and reflection of European romanticism, the end of the nineteenth century and at least two long decades of the twentieth were typically romantic. If one doubts this in relation to the life of the time, he may verify it in the political, social, and economic history of the period, which had a romantic substance one can almost savor, as if it were an unmistakable condiment,



Popayán, subtropical capital of Cauca Department, offers Sanín welcome change from Bogotá's austere climate

in the spirit and letter of its institutions, in the norms that conditioned relationships, in the concepts that guided the interpretations of consumption and production problems, in the language and the idea of love, courtesy, and so on.

From the strictly literary point of view, all doubt about the romantic quality of this period vanishes if one consideration is taken into account: that art could not—and cannot—establish itself on its own, apart from life. So if, owing to a series of historical determinants, life took on the stamp, coloring, and substance of romanticism, art could not escape its imprint.

In the light of the time, then, Sanín Cano's work shows a pleasing sign of rebellion: he is not a romantic. This does not mean that he was a determined anti-romantic. He is, by nature, something else. Not introspective, and "a stranger to the great emotions who cannot stand the suspense of awaiting public reaction," he says. And he declares that he prefers a seat in the orchestra to one on the stage. In other words: he has always been a spectator. What true romantic ever renounced the role

of hero, preferred the drawing room to the stage, refused to proffer great words and make grand gestures from the stage of life or of art?

The literary atmosphere that Sanín Cano encountered exhibited two characteristics, both in prose and in verse, born of romantic abuse: rhetorical excess and formalism. Strictly speaking, they are the same thing. But there is a hairsbreadth of difference: rhetorical excess is the extreme of romantic corruption; formalism is the road leading to that corruption. A temperament essentially hostile to all sentimental excess and a mind inexorably analytical could produce only one result in the writer:



In Bogotá in 1942, Sanín posed with Argentine actress Berta Singerman



Late poet Guillermo Valencia (right) was close friend of Sanín's

sobriety, balance, and precision. These are the basic qualities of Sanín Cano's prose. But we must not forget how difficult it must have been in that early epoch to breathe, literary-wise, when it was fashionable not to breathe but to pant. In this sense, Sanín Cano's prose must have seemed—and therefore was—eccentric and unusual because of its close adherence to ideas, its rigorous exactitude, its rhetorical austerity, and the subtle humor that penetrated it like a secret thread. An analyst among the romantics. The classification locates Sanín Cano among his Latin American contemporaries. But something more must be added: he is an analyst capable of smiling intellectually, of drawing certain decisive contrasts; objective, yet suspicious; sufficiently skeptical not to let himself be dazzled by the transitory brilliance of opinions in vogue; sufficiently enthusiastic to extract what is essential.

Sanín Cano's works give exactly that impression of equilibrium, of faithful balance between skepticism and enthusiasm. Yet he is not despairing. Perhaps one could say he is disillusioned, a man who knows how to smile and encourage and who does not complain. One who

(Continued on page 42)

# "Today for you, tomorrow for me"

Emilio Vásquez

ONE DAY NOT LONG AGO on the Peruvian shores of two-mile-high Lake Titicaca, an Indian family's house burned to the ground. The father, Gregorio Paucar, was away on a trip, and the rest of the family was off working in the fields with the other townspeople. When they returned late in the afternoon, they found everything they owned reduced to ashes. By nightfall, all the villagers were mobilized. At the time most people retire, they went to work.

The night wore on, and the light from their bonfires and torches revealed a building project in full swing. At dawn, a four-room house was nearing completion. That afternoon, people from neighboring villages arrived bearing food, liquor for the *willancho* (an offering of blood mixed with liquor made to the household gods), and *chicha*, or maize beer.

When the sun went down and the shepherds were guiding their herds to the sheepfolds, the smoke of a kitchen fire appeared above the completed roof of the new house. The music of rustic flutes, drums, and stringed instruments heralded a celebration. The village leaders presented the mother with furniture, provisions for the kitchen, and clothing. Then all the workers went home to rest, satisfied that their duty was done. When Don Gregorio returned from his trip to Bolivia, he hurried to the homes of the villagers to express his thanks. As he left each house, he said earnestly: "Today for me, tomorrow for you."

Once more the community spirit of the Peruvian Indians had solved a rural crisis. Their idea of cooperation revolves about the *ayllu*—a community of families with a remote common ancestry—and is the practical result of the Indians' age-old concept of social unity.

For the ancient Peruvian Indian, the *ayllu* held much of heaven and more than a little of earth. His religious feelings originated in the unity of the *ayllu*. His ideas about himself, as well as his group spirit, were based on a deep-seated consciousness of his own community. The *ayllu* was his link with the household gods, so the natural

objects on *ayllu* land—stones, water, cattle, birds, fruits, potatoes, and so on—were venerated. They were the elements of patriotism. For those men, the *ayllu* was the beginning and the end of life. A physical as well as a metaphysical entity, it was both a social and governmental institution.

As time went on, the structure of the *ayllu* changed. Its remote Aymará make-up was recast by the social and economic customs of the various groups of the Inca Empire's four cardinal regions. When the Aymará *ayllus* were subjected to controls or ordered to change their way of life, some of their members chose to die rather than give in, and others to migrate to the arid tablelands and live in the silence of the rocks. Their descendants are still living at those unlikely altitudes, defying a hostile environment.

The Spanish colonists found in the *ayllu* a vital, strongly consolidated, and impregnable institution. The Peruvian *ayllus* were highly unified social entities like cities. But, of course, they were different in form and in essence from European cities.

With a few changes, this spirit of mutual help still rules the social and economic life of the rural communities of Peru. *Ayllu* cooperation is the Indians' most valuable sociological invention.

Assisting his fellows is perhaps the individual's very reason for existence. The system of mutual help, which is called the *ayni*, is the alpha and omega of the daily life of the Indians. Working small farms, building homes, conducting marriages and funerals, even solving certain



*Mutual help is key to Peruvian Indian life. Here people of Tupe, in Catahuasi region, build themselves a community school*

social conflicts—all call for the ayni, or, in other words, for the cooperation of the whole ayllu.

Even the simplest spiritual ceremonies of the Indians, especially those living along the Andean chain, involve some form of cooperation. This does not mean that the Indian is gregarious, but that he is part of a society in which the individual, rather than being merely a number, an atom, or a piece of stuffing, is a complete personality with social and human significance.

As a matter of fact, the Indian is not and cannot be

*Members of an Indian community, or ayllu, join to ready one man's land for planting, as he directs the job*



gregarious, for his character is formed in an atmosphere of solitude, of highland melancholy, where the desolation imprints a certain individualism and the silence of the paramos an introverted personality. But he does possess a conscious, basic, and unreserved sense of cooperation, which has its roots in history, in geography, and in his atavistic tendencies. More than anything else, the ayni reflects the need for common defense against the hostile environment.

When a person needs a hand with his work, he resorts to the ayni, the practice that embodies the concepts "today for me, tomorrow for you" and "I ask help in exchange for help." The community understands and responds to the request. Relatives and close neighbors hurry to comply—it is an unavoidable obligation. If a man fails to cooperate, there will be no direct or personal sanctions, but the whole ayllu will accuse him. He may find himself a social outcast and come to be known as *indigno*—unworthy.

Some sort of priority system must be established in granting requests for services. Petitions that involve purely domestic problems are turned down, as they require the help of individuals rather than of the group.

Once a project has been accepted and the date set, all gather in the appointed place to do the work. Besides contributing their labor, participants bring provisions for lunch, pans and dishes, and sufficient tools to get the work done as quickly and effectively as possible. In addition, they bring coca, liquor, and *chicha*. The man who solicits the ayni has little to do with organizing the affair, does not necessarily supply even the raw materials.

Each man knows beforehand his particular task, so there is no confusion over who does what. Order and discipline are no problem. He who knows more commands; he who knows less obeys. However, every opinion is given careful consideration. The human machinery functions freely and spontaneously. While the men work, the women prepare the noonday meal.

The ayni is not concerned with doing work for mestizos or white people, but for the Indians themselves. In sowing or reaping for his fellow Indians, each man

*Sowing seed, all pitch in as enthusiastically under ayni system of cooperation as if working for themselves*





Near lofty Lake Titicaca, in Puno Department, Aymara Indians harvest field of barley

works "as if for himself." Thus there is plenty of determination and willingness. Sincere effort goes into the work, "Today for you, tomorrow for me," is the inner command. To have had a drink or two from the same glass or chewed some coca leaves on beginning the job is sufficient tacit agreement to do more than merely pretend to work. Thus in the collective project or *minga* in which the work is done through the *ayni* system, there is no place for pay. Offering a wage to an *ayllu* worker simply is not done.

On the other hand, in *mingas* for the benefit of white men, especially wealthy hacienda owners, there is plenty of pretending. The landowners know this only too well, but, not having machinery, much less the systems of control that mechanization has created, they cannot put a stop to it. Fooling white employers is perhaps legitimate, as it is permitted by tradition, the *ayllu* laws, and a kind of class reserve that has been evident since the beginning of Spanish colonization in the New World.

A project involving the *ayni* may take from five or six hours to several days. The work must always be finished as soon as possible so that the laborers can go about their own business. The whole *minga* is marked by feverish, incessant activity, with the workers stopping only for lunch, for a refreshing drink of *chicha*, or to chew some coca. However, when the day's work is done, they indulge in music, dancing, drinking (often excessive), and feasting. Single boys and girls find here the opportunity for falling in love, courting, and perhaps eloping for the trial marriage that is a traditional Indian custom.

The Spanish conquest could do nothing to change, much less destroy, the spirit of rural cooperation and its many forms of expression. In the *encomiendas* (land grants to Spaniards together with trusteeship of the Indian occupants), the *mita* (forced labor of Indians), workshops, and other inventions of the viceroyalty, the conquerors tried to turn some of its lessons to their own advantage. But this highly practical custom stood its ground, and will continue to as long as no better substitute presents itself. When colonial authorities tried to force greater exertions on the *ayllus*, they showed their spirit, and history records the mass uprisings and individual rebellions that resulted.

As soon as the Indian child is able to appreciate the



One way of threshing the wheat, with a team of oxen, at Indian community in Cuzco Department

value of the things around him, the ageless cooperative spirit of the *ayllu* is born in him. Conscious of being an integral part of his group, the child acquires first the concept of *we*; not until long afterward does he become aware of *I*. The true child of the *ayllu* will always say *ours* instead of *mine*. The *ayllu* and the *ayni* are therefore the expression of Peruvian rural philosophy. Because they represent underlying principles, they survive in spite of time and vicissitudes.

However, in the more settled areas the institution is admittedly losing ground. Along the coast, in communities that have become mestizo rather than Indian and in which people live on wages, the spirit of cooperation remains alive, but involves contributions in money rather than in labor. The highland towns, especially those that claim to be centers of civilization because they have one or two factories, are also abandoning the fraternal *ayni*.

In the large cities determined to westernize their culture as fast as possible, capital buys work. The laborer gets a standard wage, and the working day is limited to eight hours. The greater the specialization, the higher the wage. The spirit and results of the work are not the same as under the rural *ayni*. The principle of "today for you, tomorrow for me" is replaced by "the more you know and can do, the more you are worth."

Where it is still in vogue, the *ayni* is not only used to solve individual problems; it also helps to cope with collective and public-welfare questions. For example, when the community needs a road, a town hall, or a school, regional authorities notify the *ayllu* whose turn has come around. If the job to be done is some distance away and requires several working days, a committee is appointed to secure the necessary provisions. Fear of a revival of the colonial *mita* dictates that no group can be required to work more than eight days on a public-works project.

Once the Minister of Education ordered that a school be built at a point central to a number of Indian villages. Unfortunately, the location selected was a considerable distance from the highway, and there had to be a way for automobiles to reach the school, if only to bring officials to make the necessary technical inspections. The *ayllu* leaders held an emergency meeting, organized a *minga*, and today a six-mile road accommodates all types





*Members of village in Ayacucho Department thresh wheat with curved wooden flails*

of motor vehicles bound for the school.

Peruvian education, especially in recent times, has been finding in the ayllu and the ayni its major source of creative energy. According to current educational laws, which give considerable emphasis to rural cooperative customs, the ayllus must build their own schools, with the government supplying flooring, doors, windows—in short, whatever items are not locally available. Thus rural educators in Peru are on the road to solving one of their fundamental problems: the need for school buildings. Actually, it is a question of stimulating the loyalty of ayllu leaders and promoting a healthy spirit of group rivalry. The Peruvian Indian feels the need to be educated and to exchange his traditional ways for others more progressive and better adapted to present-day civilization.

Today the guiding principle of Andean rural education is to relate the school to social needs. Recently, Peruvians and Bolivians have been experimenting with a new type of rural school: the nuclear schools of the Lake Titicaca region. These are realistic institutions, with methods quite different from those of the simple schools of reading and writing. The Peru-United States Cooperative Education Service handles the technical and part of the financial side of the project, while the Ministry of Public Education shapes the over-all policies and is in charge of administration. Now the inevitable trial and error period is over, and the plan is getting into stride.

One section of Peru where the ayllu is very active is the Department of Puno, in the Lake Titicaca region, where the Indians show a remarkable interest in progress and enlightenment. Here all the rural school buildings have been constructed by various ayllus, most of them recently as a result of the increase in the number of nuclear schools. If one ayllu builds a certain type of school, the neighboring community feels obliged to build a better one. It doesn't matter if a great deal of time and money is consumed—if necessary, the work will be done in stages.

One nuclear school was established next to a large hacienda. Like many of the large landholders, the hacienda owner was opposed to and made things very difficult for the school. While similar schools were making enviable progress, it made little or none. "What will we do?" wondered teachers, parents, and the whole



*Lunch and drinks in the field provide cheerful break in Indians' strenuous day's work*

community. Finally the plantation owner died, and the heirs got involved in a bitter legal tangle, each fighting for the land. One of the parties decided to sell his section, although the estate was not adapted to subdivision. The community took up a collection and purchased it. Shortly afterward, another heir made the same decision, and again the ayllu bought the land. In the end, the force of circumstances drove the third heir to sell his share. "At this point," reports Professor Luis González, education supervisor of the district, "the men of the ayllu were almost without shirts to wear or bread to eat. They heroically sacrificed all they had in order to raise the necessary funds. Cent by cent, in the three campaigns, seventy thousand soles were collected. This was the price of the right to say they owned some productive land."

Ayllu cooperation is also very much alive in the village of Llachón, located on a peninsula that forms, with Point Chucuito, the bay of Puno in Lake Titicaca. A fairly new nuclear school functions in the village. Every month the community appoints a board to take care of the school's needs. A janitor is placed at the disposition of the principal, and a number of citizens serve as go-betweens, keeping the town posted on what is going on at the school. The community supplies the pupils with agricultural tools and land for experimentation and practice farming. Once a year the whole town takes part in a special one-day celebration in honor of the school. Outstanding pupils are awarded prizes, and the teachers are presented with gifts that express the town's gratitude. As the celebration coincides with Christmas, there are special dishes, a Christmas tree, and gifts of clothing, shoes, and toys for the children. The board appoints a speaker of the day, who urges even closer bonds between school and village. "The community board works in complete accord with the school," says Professor González. "It is a very happy arrangement. The ayllu has established a subtle link between the individual work of the teacher and the over-all accomplishments of the school. The teachers feel they are working for the community, and the community knows it must work for the school."

So it is in villages throughout the Peruvian highlands, where the ayllu spirit of cooperation, dating from time immemorial, continues to shape the social and economic life.

# Colonial Art in the DOMINICAN

**Manuel Valldeperes**

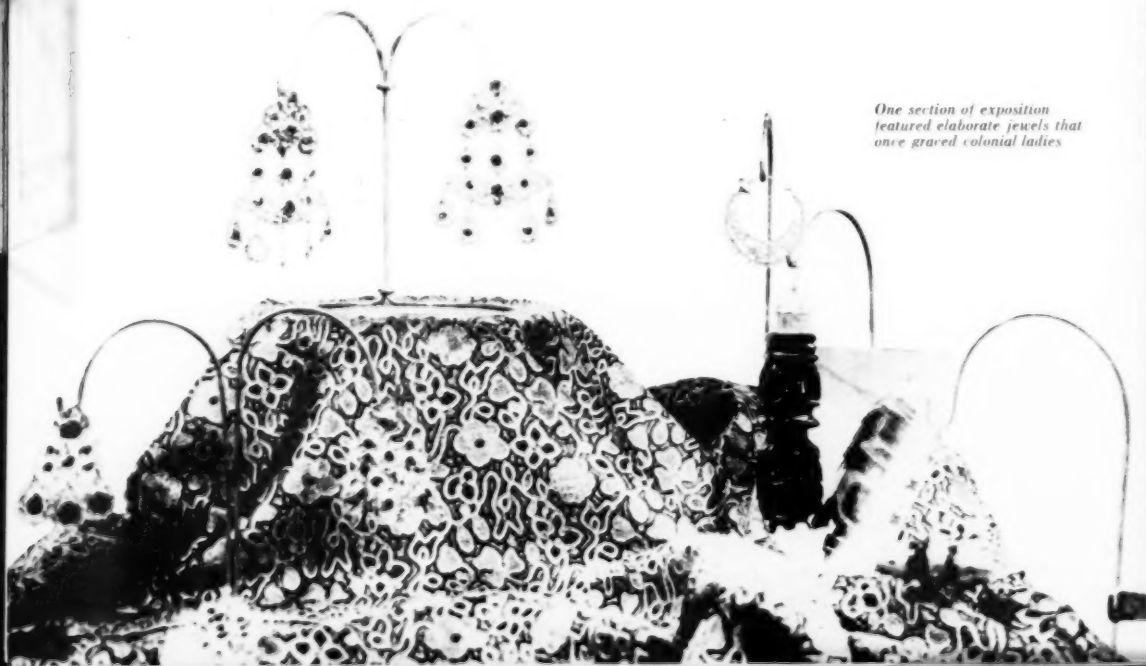
LAST FALL, in honor of the Holy Year, the University of Santo Domingo and the Dominican Republic's Department of Education and Fine Arts staged an exposition of the cream of colonial sacred art in Ciudad Trujillo. The items were carefully arranged under the direction of Dr. Erwin Walter Palm, art history professor at the university, to illustrate the first stages of cultural alliance between Spain and its American possessions.

For many decades the seat of Spanish authority in the New World, Santo Domingo was the first part of America to receive and assimilate European culture. It was the first to have an episcopal seat (1503) and a Royal Audiencia (1511). Then, of course, the university itself was founded in 1538. In Santo Domingo the first New World poetesses appeared, Elvira de Mendoza and Leonor de Ovando; the first poets, Juan de Castellanos, Méndez Nieto, and Valbuena; the first historians, Las Casas and Fernández de Oviedo; the preacher and author Alonso de Cabrera; the famous naturalist José de Acosta; and such skillful writers as Archbishop Carvajal y Rivera, Alonso de Zorita, and Eugenio de Salazar.



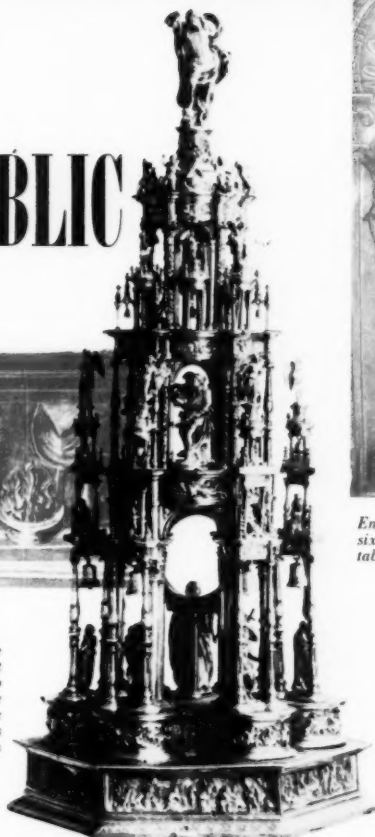
Although the discovery of America coincided with a fusion in Spain of medieval Gothic methods of building with the new designs of the Renaissance, the Spaniards brought with them a still-vigorous Gothic style. European influences in Santo Domingo appeared first in architecture, then in gold and silver artistry, finally in painting and sculpture. But the various aspects of colonial art cannot be considered independently, for architecture,

*One section of exposition featured elaborate jewels that once graced colonial ladies*



# REPUBLIC

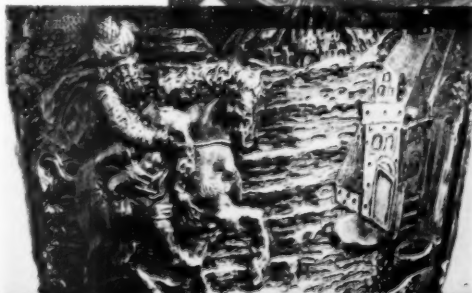
Fig. 1: Replacement of one surrendered to Drake in 1586. Above fig. 2: Detail of base shows visit of angels to Abraham



Engraving of St. John from sixteenth-century silver tabernacle (fig. 3)



Above, right (fig. 4): Four-hundred-year-old ciborium. Cover (right, fig. 5) is decorated with nautical scenes, while sides (below, fig. 6) tell story of Good Samaritan



painting, sculpture, and the minor arts complemented each other. In investigating the cultural roots of a period, it is useless to set up a lot of superficial classifications because artistic works, from the best to the humblest, are closely linked.

Art in the Colony had a positive, practical goal, which was served by all media. To understand this goal—or for that matter the artistic goals of any period—one must look to the fundamental laws and relationships of the era. First one must realize that imperial Spain tried to exercise absolute power over Santo Domingo. This was not despotic power, as some historians have tried to make us believe, but a spiritual control based on the Catholic faith. The crown carried the banner of Christian doctrine, and in order to plant it in Santo Domingo and the other countries of the Western Hemisphere it sought the able assistance of art. That is why Christianity brought such a wealth of artistic creation to America.

Through art the Indian was transformed. He acquired a new philosophy of life and became happier, more self-confident, more outspoken. Many different European styles came to the Colony and mingled with native styles. Romanesque, Gothic, Baroque, and Neo-classical elements appeared, sometimes separately, sometimes combined in



Painted wooden statue of Virgin and Child dates from late sixteenth century (fig. 8)

the same work. The Cathedral of Santo Domingo, with its Gothic interior and Spanish Renaissance façade, is an example of the combination of styles in architecture.

Colonial art in Santo Domingo can be divided into three fundamental periods: the Spanish period, marked by medieval mysticism; the Renaissance, with its Italian, Flemish, and Spanish strains, which produced an exuberant art; and the hybrid period, during which the pantheistic native artist rebelled against the rigidity of Spanish mysticism. Visitors to the exposition saw examples of the paintings, sculpture, and gold and silver artisanship of all three periods.

Since only a few products of Santo Domingo's early silversmiths and goldsmiths survived the fatal sacking by Drake in 1586, their work is buried in shadow. But we do know from the surviving chalices, tabernacles, and other articles that they developed a proud and enduring tradition.

It is difficult to choose among the many fascinating items in the exposition. Most interesting of all, perhaps, was the silver and gold *custodia* or monstrance (figure 1) attributed to Manuel de Arfe. Believed to date from the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century, it is an example of the best Plateresque silver work. Although the main part is of Sevillian origin, the base of repoussé silver was probably made locally. The monstrance is in

the form of a tower with three tiers, topped by a Risen Christ. There are tiny figures of the apostles in the first tier and of the prophets in the second. The columns of the second and third tiers have Plateresque motifs. One can notice Flemish influences in some figures and certain archaisms in the reliefs on the base, as in the scene depicting the visit of the angels to Abraham (figure 2).

Another outstanding item was a sixteenth-century silver *arca del Santísimo* or tabernacle. It has engravings of the twelve apostles on its four sides (see detail of St. John in figure 3) and of the Resurrection and the angels on the lid. Authorities believe it to have been made in Santo Domingo after Sevillian models. The inscription near the rim reads: "This tabernacle was a gift of Doña Juana de Mesa, wife of Don Juan Berio, 1579," and the one on the lid reads: "Sister of Pedro Lopes de Mesa, justice officer of Seville." The style is pure Renaissance.

A ciborium of gilded silver, showing the marks of its four centuries of existence, was another highlight of the display (figure 4). The Good Samaritan is pictured on its sides (figure 6), and the cover is decorated with nautical scenes portraying Galatea and the battle of the Tritons (figure 5). Made in the last half of the sixteenth century by a German or Flemish artist, the work is a happy memento of the last days of the Renaissance. The original base was done by a Spaniard, possibly living in the Dominican Republic, and the lower base, which bears the inscription "Offered to the Holy Sacrament," is modern.

Among the other treasures from the Cathedral collec-

Openwork silver incense burner from Ciudad Trujillo's Regina Angelorum church (fig. 7)



tion were a lovely, Plateresque-style Spanish chalice with a stem in the shape of a temple that has twelve niches, each holding the figure of an apostle; a silver container for holy water with handles in the form of caryatids, dating from the last quarter of the sixteenth century; a Spanish reliquary with a fifteenth-century dais and base, which is the oldest museum piece in the country; and two silver candelabra from sixteenth-century Spain, bearing Plateresque emblems and set on triangular bases embellished with dolphins' heads.

Ciudad Trujillo's Regina Angelorum church contributed an exquisite censer (figure 7) of openwork silver, believed to have come from seventeenth-century Mexico. Cherubs' heads are set among the delicately-fashioned silver tendrils.

The exposition also featured a resplendent array of colonial gold and silver jewelry. Earrings and pendants glittering with diamonds, crystals, pearls, emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones were displayed on appropriate fabrics in elegant showcases. To help set the stage, the jewels were accompanied by pictures of similar ornaments worn by great ladies of the period.

Painting was never as highly developed in Santo Domingo as gold and silver artistry. Sole survivors of the 1596 sacking were the canvas of the Virgin of Altagracia (Heavenly Grace) in Higüey, which shows strong Flemish influence; the Antigua retablo, of the sixteenth-century Sevillian school, in the Cathedral; and the remains of two murals in the Cathedral, both dating from the first half of the sixteenth century.

The few paintings that were to be seen at the exposition included a canvas from the Cathedral collection, *The Sorrowful Mother with St. John and St. Veronica*, probably an old copy of a Spanish master, and the *Virgin of the Rosary with St. Dominic and St. Francis*, believed to be from the late seventeenth-century Quito school.

Colonial stone sculpture reached its peak in the many retables still to be seen in the churches throughout the Dominican Republic and in the frieze of the Cathedral's façade, the best example of American Plateresque in the country. The retables were the only art monuments in Santo Domingo to reflect even a restrained version of the Baroque style. The series of retables produced in the eighteenth century have all the earmarks of a local school. Photographs of stone, plaster, and wooden retables dating from 1550 to 1750 were shown at the exposition. A wooden retable in the north nave of the Cathedral, notable as the only example of a late Renaissance retable in the Dominican Republic, closely resembles the famous one in the Church of San Francisco in Bogotá.

From the Cathedral came a majestic polychrome wooden Virgin and Child (figure 8). Probably of the Sevillian school, it dates from the end of the sixteenth century. The style illustrates the transition from the Italianized art of the Renaissance to the new emotional language of the seventeenth-century Spanish school.

Although the exposition is now over, many of these treasures may be seen at any time in the Cathedral and other churches of the country.

## THE ABC COUNTRIES AT THE MET

(Continued from page 12)

time she made her youthful debut at the Teatro Colón in 1942 in Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*, she had already received a grounding in operatic craft far superior to that of most beginners. Gifted with high intelligence, quick perceptions, and innate musicality, she learns her parts with unusual swiftness. In her very first season at the Metropolitan she has sung three parts for the first time—Elisabetta in *Don Carlo*, Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, and Nedda in *Pagliacci*.

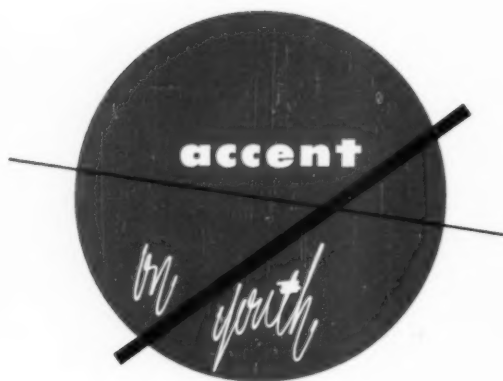
In eight years she has sung fourteen different roles in Buenos Aires, including such diverse types of operas as Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*, Gluck's *Armide* and *Iphigénie en Tauride*, Montemezzi's *L'Amore dei Tre Re*, and Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*. In her first season at La Scala in 1943, she sang not only in *La Traviata* but in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, a revival of Cherubini's forgotten opera *Lodoïska*, and the world premiere of Cesare Sonzogno's *Regina Uliva*. In Paris she sang in *La Traviata* and *Otello*, and the management has suggested that she learn the role of Thaïs. She also expects some day to sing such Wagner roles as Elsa in *Lohengrin* and Elisabeth in *Tannhäuser*. After ten more years, she plans to attempt the most taxing of all dramatic-soprano roles, the title role of Bellini's *Norma*.

Miss Rigal is the sort of artist the manager of an opera company dreams of, but seldom encounters. Her art is her life. Utterly absorbed in her task, she is eager for work, work, and more work. She is acquainted with the loftiest traditions of operatic performance and clearly seeks to preserve them in her own singing and acting. Through her the best values of opera, as she has learned them from Erhardt and Panizza, are kept alive.

Yet Miss Rigal is no dreary, sobersided drone. She likes to live in New York not only because her engagement at the Metropolitan is a recognition of her merit as an artist, but also because life in New York is lively and bright. "People in Europe are not young," she complains. "Here there are music, gaiety, and joy—in the bars and in the parks. Everyone seems really to be alive." This love of living gives her singing, even in tragic moments, volatility and ebullience, a sense of lift and forward movement. New York and Buenos Aires, which share Miss Rigal through the pleasant cooperation of the calendar, are privileged in these days to watch a gifted young singer develop into an important artist.

If the Metropolitan Opera is to regain its former position as a world opera house, it will now have to be as attentive to the lands to the south as to the continent across the Atlantic. For today these three South American singers fill places that might otherwise remain empty. From all the evidence, Italy can offer no lyric soprano with the exquisite refinement of Miss Sayão and no tragic *lyrico spinto* soprano with the intensity and the dramatic intuition of Miss Rigal. Nor can Germany or Central Europe provide a new Tristan to measure up to Mr. Vinay. If another golden age is in the making at the Metropolitan, South American artists will play an important part in its creation.





Bright, sunny patio at Mexico City College is meeting place for students, Mexican and gringo alike

## IGNORANTS abroad

Mary A. Eades

EVERY JUNE AND JULY, summer-school students from the United States swarm across the Mexican border, bent on finding what they hope will be high adventure in the land of the high Sierras. They are equipped with suitcases full of what they consider the proper attire, with tennis racquets and golf clubs. Most of them even know a little Spanish. But, like the average U.S. tourist the world over, too many arrive without the most valuable equipment: an attitude of genuine interest in the country they have come to visit.

Often without realizing it, the U.S. student takes with him across the border an air of condescension. Nothing in Mexico, he is apt to think, is as good as in the States. He is afraid he will not be able to find anything to eat but *frijoles* and *tamales* and that these may harbor some dread disease. He is greatly annoyed by the water shortage and the fact that his *pensión* does not offer hot water twenty-four hours a day. In his opinion, Mexicans serve meals at very queer hours—probably because they don't know any better. He expects everyone to be impressed that he is a *norteamericano* and is somewhat taken aback to find that others of his ilk have preceded him, that far from being eager to cultivate him, the Mexicans are inclined to be reserved unless the student himself tries to make friends.

There are even a few instances of open hostility. Last summer a young man who had never been to Mexico before was wandering through the San Juan Market admiring the blaze of color in sarapes, flowers, and basketwork. Very blond, wearing blue jeans and sports

shirt, he was obviously a *gringo* student. Suddenly an overripe tomato squished on the back of his head. He recovered himself just in time to see a grinning face disappear behind a fruit stall. Though innocent himself, the student was a symbol of arrogance to the vendor and a convenient target for revenge.

Like many another tourist, the U.S. student usually descends on marketplaces and stores with the idea firmly entrenched in his mind that everyone will try to cheat him, and as a result, many of the vendors do. For one thing, he buys his souvenirs on the beaten track, where salesmen have long since learned that he knows little or nothing of silver and leather because he can't afford them at home. Naturally, they resent his plainly apparent conviction that everything offered for sale is "fake."

Also, he generally has an inferiority complex about his Spanish, using it only on the rare occasions when he encounters someone who "doesn't even speak English." In his own country he would take it as a matter of course that foreign students could and would speak

English—they nearly always do.

The most extreme type of visiting *gringo*—and the longest remembered—is the hell-raising variety. Some law graduates from two of the United States' best colleges picked Acapulco as an ideal place to let off steam before they went job-hunting in the fall. Now no one is likely to be put out by a few young men imbibing a few too many shots of tequila. But our young lawyers decided to assert their superiority over the "natives," and got themselves thoroughly mauled and treated to a night in jail for their efforts.

The ignorance of even college seniors about their neighboring country is sometimes appalling, and their wives frequently add to the confusion. One day a young Mexican, heir to a considerable fortune, invited several U.S. students to a picnic lunch at his uncle's winter home in Cuernavaca. As one of the wives got out of the car, she caught sight of the wires overhead and exclaimed, "Why, they have electricity!" Inside she made known her surprise that in Mexico one could "actually buy just as nice roast beef as at home." Her host restrained himself admirably until she had departed, then indulged in a singularly expressive bilingual tirade

about stupid *gringas* who don't even know enough to be polite.

Though standards of behavior for women in Mexico and other Latin American countries are somewhat different from those in the United States, the urban Mexican will not usually hold it against a *gringa* if she goes out unchaperoned with men—unless she makes herself conspicuous. But that is precisely what a certain unforgettable type of visiting *norteamericana* does. Freed from school regulations and her parents' vigilance, probably for the first time in her life, she goes all out to be "sophisticated." But it soon becomes painfully apparent that she is new at the art. She drinks too much and giggles and laughs too often and too loudly. When her Mexican escort tags her as a young woman of unparticular virtue and starts treating her accordingly, she flies home to her *pensión* in righteous indignation and with a low opinion of "these Mexicans."

Wearing slacks on the street is out for women, as two girls discovered the hard way. Slacks seemed just right to them for pyramid-climbing. But they had to walk five blocks from their *pensión* to board the excursion buses. When they met their maid on the street and she refused to speak to them, they decided to confine such U.S. idiosyncrasies to the house.

Friendliness and genuine interest, however, can overcome ignorance and even serious breaches of local manners. And though the *yanqui* attitude is taken through customs, it can be set aside. Most of it is rooted in suspicion, a feeling of inferiority, and small fears. As one young man said, "For the first two weeks I didn't trust anybody. Then I realized I wasn't getting anywhere, and after that everything was all right." Another was so afraid he would get some kind of "bug" that he would eat nowhere except at Sanborn's—it was "American" so it must be all right. Three weeks later he was oriented to the point of eating slices of pineapple bought from street vendors.

Then there was the college freshman who had never been out of Iowa before he went to Mexico for a summer. He had somehow learned to speak excellent Spanish in high school and arrived in Mexico determined not to leave until he knew the people and the language well. He knew next to nothing about the country, but he talked to every shoeshine boy who took a brush to his shoes. He inveigled his landlady into introducing him to two Mexican girls and then spent hours in their homes talking to their families. Marveling at the huge loads he saw small barefoot Indians carrying at a dog trot along the city streets, he once stopped one to ask if he could heft the pack's weight. The student was a strapping fellow, six feet tall and broad of shoulder, but when he shifted the load to his back he almost buckled under it and went his way with deep respect for the Indian's fortitude.

Not especially adept at the social graces, the boy had a bluff manner that stood out in sharp contrast to the smooth air of his Latin hosts. But he made friends far and wide because it was obvious that he liked Mexico and Mexicans. Unfortunately, there are too few like him.



In patio at National University of Mexico, summer school students watch demonstration of folk dancing

Below: Student Fred King, who became author's husband, sees grass-roots Mexico at Indian market



#### THE 4TH MEETING *(Continued from page 5)*

ment. All the other States agreed in this view. Their agreement was evident, since as members of the United Nations they had reacted in the same way to the facts that caused the emergency. This might make consultation seem superfluous. Nevertheless it was not, for the situation involved many aspects. Some were world-wide, some purely regional. All were inextricably tied together and "appropriate for regional action."

The only controversy during the meeting—conducted on the highest juridical plane—arose in connection with this subject. Not as to whether the American nations, in accord with their common principles and contractual obligations, should act to repel aggression, wherever it might occur. Rather it was a question of whether the action should be undertaken only in the United Nations when the aggression does not directly affect the regional system, or whether some action should also be taken within that system in support of the United Nations. Whatever the solution, from the practical point of view it would not have affected the present position of the American nations at all. The point was one of principles, not entirely academic, with roots in the very foundations of the regional system. The delimitation of spheres of action between world and regional authority is today probably the most interesting problem of contemporary international law. Battles have been fought over it—many of them silently—in international conferences and even in the Foreign Offices, especially in America, where regional feeling, traditions, and organization are strongest.

The debate led to a unanimous conclusion: to declare that the present world situation requires positive support by the American Republics for: (1) achievement of the collective defense of the Continent through the Organization of American States, and (2) cooperation, within the United

Nations organization, to prevent and suppress aggression in other parts of the world;

and to recommend

that each of the American Republics should immediately examine its resources and determine what steps it can take to contribute to the defense of the Hemisphere and to United Nations collective security efforts, in order to accomplish the aims and purposes of the "Uniting for Peace" resolution of the General Assembly [and] that each of the American Republics, without prejudice to attending to national self-defense, should give particular attention to the development and maintenance of elements within its national armed forces so trained, organized and equipped that they could, in accordance with its constitutional norms, and to the full extent that, in its judgment, its capabilities permit, promptly be made available, (1) for the defense of the Hemisphere, and (2) for service as a United Nations unit or units, in accordance with the "Uniting for Peace" resolution.

Some will consider this language overly cautious, inadequate, and even out of keeping with the gravity of the threat recognized in most of the resolutions and even in that very document. Nevertheless, it is the most categorical joint declaration ever made in time of peace by the American nations, whose strongest bond has been the principle of abolishing the use of force in international relations. To speak of war, military forces, and defense preparations is easy and natural for countries that have lived in the midst of conflicts for hundreds of years. But this Hemisphere has schooled itself so well in peaceful ways that an international document mentioning war, except to condemn it once more, is extraordinary and can result only from exceptional circumstances. If the other American nations were not thoroughly convinced that the United States will not go to war without a provocation impossible to avoid or ignore, that document would not have been signed. We say the United

*Members of the Bolivian and Ecuadorean delegations leaving Pan American Union after committee meeting*



States, because it is out of the question to consider any other American nation, even hypothetically, in a position to provoke a world conflict. Never have the Latin American countries given the United States a greater vote of confidence.

If in Europe, Asia, and Africa even small States have for centuries maintained powerful armies and a military policy of alliance capable of eventually plunging them into war, this has not been true on this continent from the United States to the far South. With a different policy the Latin American countries could be and would have been no less dangerous than the Balkan States, no less strong than many small nations that have engaged in aggressive and victorious international wars. In civil wars and revolutions the hundred and forty million Latin Americans have more than once demonstrated an almost unlimited capacity for sacrifice and resistance to adversity; with another nature and another type of education, they would be included today in the sinister statistics of military power as a formidable human resource, with untold strategic possibilities. To their good fortune and credit, they are not. The monstrosity of the situation created by Communist imperialism lies in its having mobilized every able-bodied man under its power for purposes of destruction, forcing free peoples that had just overcome one of the worst scourges in human history to set aside peaceful ways and prepare to defend themselves.

All the steps taken in Latin America to carry out the resolutions of the Fourth Meeting of Consultation will involve a tremendous sacrifice, a psychological revolution, and a historic upheaval. They will also inevitably mean going backward instead of ahead. If the Latin American nations convert themselves, as they are capable of doing, into an important factor in the military defense against the new imperialism, they should fully realize that they have been forced to change their historical course in order to defend their liberty as nations and their right to go back to being thoroughly peaceful and relatively unarmed peoples.

Resolution III on "Inter-American Military Cooperation" is an innovation not in itself, but in the application of a collective defense mechanism to a specific situation. Nothing new was set up by this resolution, but in the face of special circumstances the inter-American organ of military cooperation—created during World War II and indefinitely extended at Bogotá in 1948—was assigned special duties. The Inter-American Defense Board, with headquarters in Washington, will have to study the efforts of the various countries to:

- a) increase those of their resources and strengthen those of their armed forces best adapted to the collective defense, and maintain those armed forces in such status that they can be immediately available for the defense of the Continent; and, b) cooperate with each other, in military matters, in order to develop the collective strength of the Continent necessary to combat aggression against any of them.

Then the Board must prepare with the greatest possible speed—keeping it up to date in close cooperation with the governments—a military plan for common defense.

The objectives are expressed thus:

... The present grave international situation imposes on the American Republics the need to develop their military capabilities in order, in conformity with the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance: 1) to assure their individual and collective self-defense against armed attacks; 2) to contribute effectively to action by the Organization of American States against aggression directed against any of them; and, 3) to make provision, as quickly as possible, for the collective defense of the Continent.

Another resolution bearing on collective defense refers to the strengthening of internal security to counteract the subversive activities of international communism. Nor is this an innovation in the inter-American system, as there was an *ad hoc* agency for a similar purpose during World War II—the Emergency Advisory Committee for Political Defense, with headquarters in Montevideo. That committee, which stopped functioning some time ago, did an efficient job of working with the various governments in finding ways to protect internal security against the Axis powers. Now, the purely technical task of examining methods for the definition, prevention, and punishment of crimes such as sabotage and espionage, and, in general, any subversive acts instigated or directed by foreign powers that threaten the safety of the Americas, is entrusted to the Pan American Union's Department of International Law and Organization. It will transmit the results of its studies to the governments, and if the Council so decides, a specialized conference on the matter will be called.

But the political, military, and economic success of the Meeting cannot be measured simply by resolutions. The Americas adopted or reaffirmed a policy of unity in the face of danger and clearly defined the danger. The United States showed its determination not to forget, in the confusion of the emergency, the goals of the Organization and the fundamental purpose of the American countries' association through the years—to make life pleasanter, freer, and more meaningful for their peoples. This was the idea behind the series of resolutions on the betterment of social conditions. The same concept shaped the economic resolutions designed to reconcile defense efforts with essential development projects—to paralyze them would reverse progress in a large part of the Hemisphere and cause social disturbances that could easily be seized on by the agitators.

At the previous Meeting of Consultation in Rio de Janeiro a few days after the attack on Pearl Harbor, the most important resolution recommended that the American governments break relations with the Axis. However, an implicit joint policy originated there that led the American States to declare war and to offer sizable contributions, according to their resources, to the common defense. A comparison of the Washington agreements, made in what is still technically peacetime, with those of Rio gives an idea of Hemisphere progress in political unity and shows how much more decisive the Americas' efforts against the new imperialism will be. So there is plenty of justification for the unanimous satisfaction of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs with the task accomplished, and for the favorable comments of press and public on the results of the Meeting.



### THE FIRST IRON HORSE

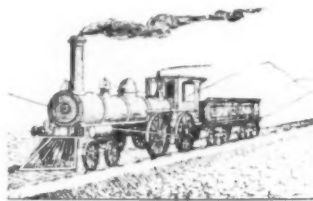
FROM CALLAO, Peru's most important seaport, to Lima, the capital, is a matter of twenty minutes by car. Or you can take the streetcar, train, or bus. But until May 17, 1851, the eight miles between the two cities might as well have been eighty. On that day South America's pioneer railroad was completed from the coast to the old convent of San Juan de Dios, which had been refurbished as the Lima railroad station.

In honor of the centenary of the official inauguration—on April 5, 1851, when the first train chugged out of Callao en route to a temporary station partway to Lima—the capital dailies *El Comercio* and *La Crónica* devoted long articles to the history of the road. It is an eventful history. As *La Crónica* points out, by the time the work really got under way, "in old Europe and the progressive United States the railroad was a reality. Only South America did not yet know this manifestation of progress. And the honor of being first . . . fell to Peru."

The project dates back to 1826, when, *El Comercio* notes, "Peru was governed by no less than Simón Bolívar. In the official paper for May 13 appears an announcement issued by the Finance Ministry: 'The Government plans to build a railroad from the port of Callao to this capital. Those who wish to submit entries for this work should present their sealed proposals to this Ministry within eight days and the one most advantageous to the Republic will be chosen. At the same time, the competitors Don Juan Berg and Don Francisco Quiroz will be able to correct their bids.'" But

"perhaps the ground was not sufficiently prepared for one of the happiest attempts at progress to prosper," as *La Crónica* remarks. Quiroz and his associates, awarded a contract under which they were to finish the work in eighteen months, were unable to carry it out. This, says *El Comercio*, was "due to the opposition of a certain Don Juan Mathenson, who brought forward an earlier franchise for a wood-rail road similar to those used in the mining districts of several European nations."

Eight years later a determined government brought up the matter again. A concession was awarded to Tomás Gill, the only applicant. "Strangely



enough," relates *La Crónica*, "he did not demand any privileges. This gentleman, who had money tied up in the construction of the Callao docks—that wooden pier that served the national economy so well for many years—had to invest in the building of the railroad twenty of the twenty-five thousand pesos the government owed him for the port works, at 6 per cent interest. In addition (oh, those times and the men of those times), he himself contracted to work as an artisan for the wage of five pesos a day.

"Then came the unhappy days of Salaverry, and on February 26, 1835, a history-making decree declared the concession void because 'the projected road has no important object and is not believed indispensable for the traffic.'" This idea *La Crónica* treats with incredulous scorn. The government thought, adds *El Comercio*, that the Lima-Callao highway should be repaired instead.

Marshal Ramón Castilla, who became President in 1845, was not to be put off. A railroad must be built. The North American William Wheelwright was contracted to build it. When he did not live up to his contract, the competition was reopened—and no applicants appeared. It was opened again in October 1848: this time the bid of Don Pedro González de Candamo and Don Manuel Vicente Oyague was accepted. At last Peru was to have its iron horse.

The first rails were laid in Callao early in 1849, and the uproar began. *La Crónica* describes it like this: "It was led by those who felt their interests directly harmed—the porters and wagon-drivers. And also, clearly, the spirit of the times was at work. Someone said that inside the locomotive was 'the spirit of the devil' and that the railroad would bring evil to Callao. . . ."

"When the first materials arrived for this project that was to change completely the history of two towns, a riot ensued, called at the time *de puertas y ventanas* (of doors and windows) because the populace destroyed the offices of the company. Next the mob turned toward the lighters moored at the dock with their cargo of rails and other equipment;



the contents went into the sea and the railroad cars were wrecked." The prefect of Callao, naturally, called out the troops, and in the confusion the subprefect ordered a charge, as a result of which some of the rioters were injured—just what the fanatics had been waiting for. "They fanned the flames in the souls of their unhappy followers, who broke into a French armory nearby and seized weapons. They attacked a train that had just pulled into the Santa Rosa station, wounded the engineer, pulled down posts. In the battle both civilians and soldiers were injured.

"Castilla was not a man to quail. He learned of the events in Callao and—what the devil, progress is not to be stopped! At the head of the Punyán and Ayacucho battalions, with six pieces of artillery, he set off personally for Callao at ten-thirty that night. . . . The plot ended as it should. The guilty went to jail; the ignorant were mercifully absolved." And so, a hundred years ago, at a cost of half a million pesos, the tracks went through to Lima.

Inauguration of the line, with all it meant to Peru, did not usher in an era of glad thankfulness. Like all paying customers, the passengers of the Lima-Callao Railroad reserved the right to complain. *El Comercio* quotes one Don Manuel Atanasio Fuentes as noting in his *Historical-Descriptive Guide to Lima* that the service "is quite irregular, for the management, in setting the hours of arrival and departure of trains, qualifies them always as 'more or less,' as a result of which passengers may be held up for hours on end." There were six trains a day in each direction, running from 7:30 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.—more or less. Moreover, Don Manuel commented: "There are also cars for carrying all kinds of freight. The prices demanded for this are not determined by any rate approved by competent authority. For the smallest parcel, for a mere bundle, a freight charge is made. The Lima railroad is perhaps the only one in the world that does not give the passenger the right to carry free a certain number of pounds of baggage." But while the *Callao* (see illustration) may not have been much of a train, by present standards, it got there—and first.

## OLD LADIES' HOME

UNLESS HE SPENDS much time in places like St. Petersburg, Florida, the average North American is not likely to have noticed one phase of U.S. life that made a deep impression on Brazilian novelist Carolina Nabuco. She deals with it in the literary supplement of the Rio daily *Correio da Manhã*:

"I have never seen so many old people—particularly old women—as in the United States. One reason for this impression of old age may well be that U.S. women do not dye their hair. When I first came to New York, I went to the theater one afternoon to see *The Consul*. The house was full and, once the hats were removed, the audience—mostly women, as at most matinees—seemed to be one large flower bed of short, white, finger-waved heads of hair.

"Downtown, I often saw old women whose disposition to go out by themselves gave me some moments of fright. Despite their age and even ill health, they were there because even the wealthy must go out to eat or to buy groceries. And so one finds drugstores and lunch counters at every corner. I also saw many elderly women, some even decrepit, at the wheels of automobiles. I was reminded of Emerson's comment that while youth looks well anywhere, old age belongs in carriages, churches, historical societies, and, above all, the country. Cicero, too, preferred to place happy old people in the country.

"The vigor of the race and medical progress make longevity a fact in the United States; but observing it in large cities and public places is not so pleasant as reading about it. Somehow, it contradicts our preconceived notions about the States—one expects such a rich young country to be peopled by triumphant, busy human beings in the sunlit glow of life, not in the shadows.

"But it is the country's very richness that allows the survival of the old people. Thanks to good retirement pay, the profits of productive years, U.S. oldsters continue to show up everywhere, living in comfort and good health to the end of their lives. Nowadays, a new medical specialty—

geriatrics—studies and treats old age. Its exponents not only give old people the care they need, but also discover in them—according to a recent article by a well-known geriatrist—qualities and even charms lacking in the merely middle-aged. That old age can be a good phase of life if you reach it healthy and lucid, Cicero declared in his *De Senectute*. But its charms used to go unnoticed. Now the physicians are trying to right this wrong.

"Women generally live longer than men, a tendency that is exaggerated in a country where many men's lives are cut short by overwork, responsibility, and agitation. The big money-makers are often the first to die, hence the fact that 67 per cent of the nation's wealth is in the hands of women—idle widows, for the most part, who show off their white hair in expensive places of amusement. The higher the prices in swank restaurants or palatial hotels, the more abundant the cheerful old women wearing fur capes and often, with a certain coquettishness, carrying canes—which Brazilian grandmothers would take up only as a last resort and with considerable misgiving, almost as if they were crutches.

"Once I heard a seventy-year-old social leader, used to crossing streets at corners where there are no traffic lights, remark: 'I'm not at all afraid of traffic, though I do have trouble walking. If need be, I raise my cane imperiously, and they make way for me.'

"Besides going out when they have to, many old people go out to escape isolation. Neither children nor grandchildren feel strictly obligated to keep them company, as is the case in some countries where the family is a religion. Therefore, old couples or widows and widowers need not hesitate, when they reach the age of rest, to go to more suitable climates or surroundings. They move away from their children as easily as the latter settled in different towns at the age of emancipation.

"Old age crowds certain places, especially in regions of mild climate. California is the favorite state for retired people. Long Beach, an extremely pleasant town of 250,000 people, has a large proportion of oldsters who went there to live out their days, lured by

the climate, the inexpensive living, and the special attention sheer numbers entitle them to. The sidewalks are full of wheelchairs and, for the benefit of their users, there are ramps from curb to street.

"Palm Beach, Florida's chief luxury resort, attracts old clients in different circumstances. They used to go there years ago, and now the place is largely a feudal society of elderly millionaires who once occupied their Florida homes for a few weeks at a time, and now take refuge there from Northern climates for the greater part of the year.

"In the United States, being a hostess is a veritable profession enjoying extraordinary social prestige. At a Washington reception, in the warmth of June, I was introduced to a venerable lady with a cane and a large hat laden with the feathers that dowagers consider their essential attribute. She was the queen of Palm Beach. I was told, the town's great hostess.

"Such are the old women who despite physical deterioration seem to consider life a true paradise. They are flattered by the snobs, who yearn to be seen at their parties. Women who in other countries are called 'great ladies' in the United States are hostesses. The word itself has a utilitarian flavor appropriate to a practical, realistic country. There, 'great ladies' are those who give a lot of receptions, and they are found in every city.

"The owners of these hospitable houses are generally elderly, because a prominent hostess' career is not made overnight, and sometimes they have to climb slowly from some provincial town to New York or Washington, perhaps via Newport in the summer and Florida in the winter. They enjoy a prestige that apparently is sufficient compensation for the shortcomings of old age. They are always busy and amused, in the midst of younger people's activities; not on the edge of life, which is old age's usual place. Mostly, they are widows, which suggests that their husbands, while still living, probably preferred a quiet home life. They live in lovely homes of the sort usually referred to as 'showplaces.' Their profession requires certain qualities and a great deal of money, but it bestows a special kind of glory, born of newspaper publicity. The papers

elect the first hostess as breezily as they choose young lovelies in bathing suits to be queens of this or that.

"Though the old families don't always endorse the journalists' decision concerning the lady most worthy of the coveted title (rarely the most discreet among the ladies), they can do nothing against the avalanche of publicity. . . .

"Others are proof that there is no such thing as retiring from the career of prominent hostess. One New York matriarch who held society's scepter for three generations and whose name is a synonym for wealth the world over continues to have guests all the time, regally entertaining a world of people that her worn memory immediately mixes up.

"These elderly women have a social personality, a reception-hall appearance, that make them quite different from the kindly grandmothers of our country. The North American variety—let us not forget, by the way, that these types represent only the frivolous side of their great country—are Marthas: ours, Marys. The former, like the Martha in the Gospel, concern themselves with many things, but of the latter I would say, 'Mary has chosen the better part.'"

Shau, Cultura Universitaria, Venezuela



## STREET SCENE

IN THE FIRST ISSUE of the new Ecuadorian review *Presencia*, Quito's streets inspire Ricardo Crespo Zaldumbide, one of the editors, to some rather

harsh reflections about modern life:

"Once, on one of the many mechanical trips back and forth that civilized man is accustomed to make over unprotesting streets, I tempered, with a more human and sensitive awareness, the impulse to walk blindly. Simply by thus observing minutely, we can discover a whole new world. The pushing human mass is presented as on a gaudy stage, where the most unexpected dramas, comedies, and even farces unfold. . . .

"This time the light was distant and reflected. Domes and belltowers were outlined darkly in the air, and street lights, together with the proud brilliance of electric signs and automobile headlights, gladdened the night.

"At that hour the stores broke off relations with money. While the shopkeeper made fast the lock and lost himself in the march of pedestrians, the hostile show window remained, protected by the lights and the coquetry of cellophane, painful to look at as things difficult to possess always are. Before it, small noses were pressed against the smooth, cold surface that represented the limit of their owners' aspirations. The children's gaze was lost in the sugary, creamy regions of some cakes on display, and, with ever fresh astonishment, they seemed ready to remain all night. More than desire, their glances showed a bitter, resigned enjoyment in satisfying their flights of imagination rather than their undernourished stomachs. This simple act, so eloquent of their misery, was their greatest pleasure. For these small people of the pavements, the shop window becomes an ironic gift of the contradictory city: in a way it would be inhuman to deprive them of the window, *their window*.

"Suddenly I was surprised by the abandoned and hilarious figure of a drunk, entertaining in his incoherence of word and gesture, his gaze lost in the darkness of alcohol—a brutal laugh at this bitter and exhausted crowd, which seemed disconcerted by such a radical solution to its troubles. The walls of buildings were all that kept this knight-errant in an upright position. Ragged, like the majority, irresponsible but accusing, he was one more aspect in this picture of multiple realities. His clothes were like a beg-



In Rio weekly *O Cruzeiro*, cartoonist Carlos Esterão looks ahead to a better world. Drawings show need for suggested improvements. (1) Perfect hospital service: Woman mourning first anniversary of husband's death is hailed by friend, "What a time I had finding you! Dr. Serrano just came back from Switzerland and promised to get your husband a hospital room." (2) Perfect taxi service: "But I want the airport, and you're going to Madureira." "I told you I wanted lunch—I'm going home to shave, eat, and listen to my radio serial; then I'll take you to the airport, O.K.?" (3) Perfect child care: "This is dreadful! Here it is exam day, and you say it's a holiday." "Of course—it's *Al Capone Day*." (4) An efficient Vice Squad: "Hello, Vice Squad. Gambling on 13 de Maio Street? Don't worry, madam, we'll go as soon as we finish this poker game!"

gar's, but his absent, uncontrolled glance held profound scorn. . . . His personality, insignificant to those who brushed past him, annoyed or amused by him, was deeply human in essence; there he was, in company with misery and luxury, laughter and weeping, with his scuffling figure that knew nothing of tragedy though it carried it latent in every gesture. Surely some great sadness or problem impels him, but in the street these possible causes for his drunkenness vanish and only his irony remains.

"These observations, this meeting with realities that do not leap to the eye but exist at every step, left me with one fixed impression—indifference. There seemed to be an example of almost every sort of life . . . but despite this great coming together, a spontaneous indifference, a mutual ignorance, a blind activity subtracted humanity and multiplied mechanism.

"Nothing reveals this more clearly than the beggar's cry. I remember a poor unfortunate, blind and ailing, whose family—surely in the same condition—had chosen for her a cold and forsaken spot at the foot of the church steps; there she had to remain the whole day asking for alms. I was amazed by that woman's bestial attitude and almost animal movements. One could see between her eyelids a narrow, white, inexpressive line; her body was bent toward the ground in an unconscious urge to disappear; filthy clothes partly covered her; and at short intervals, with a desperate grimace demonstrating that she still clung to the last shreds of reason, she

made sounds that could be interpreted as: 'Charity for a poor blind woman!'

"Others went their way without noticing, gave her, perhaps, a glance of mere curiosity, very rarely a coin, usually disconcerting indifference. She had become an indispensable element, playing a role as important as the lamppost's and as unhappy as that of pieces of paper buffeted by the wind. Her success or lack of it was not essential, only her presence; she completed the appearance of the street, which considered her just one of the many things that belonged there. . . .

"The street expresses a way of life, the psychology of the pedestrians we pass there; every individual leaves a trace of his temperament. We meet the traffickers in money who, enslaved by time, slip urgently through shops and plazas; or we enjoy the sight of old men sipping coffee at some open-air restaurant; only a few passersby, with taciturn, self-absorbed faces, cannot be identified, though they leave us convinced of their bad intentions.

"That is why I believe the best way to know cities is to travel their streets and avenues. All we need is a bit of acuteness and sensitivity to grasp the meaning of some occurrence that at first glance seems unimportant. . . .

"Perhaps this consideration has influenced all the painters and writers who, when dealing with the atmosphere of an age, unflinchingly pause at the streets. It seems to be the first and essential step for penetrating the nature of the inhabitants, their customs, their kind of life. Who, looking at a picture reproducing a typical Spanish Renais-

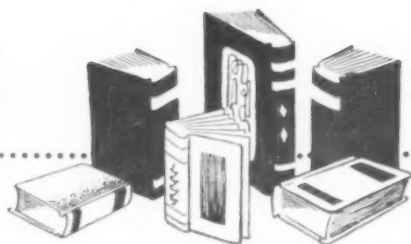
sance street, does not at once acquire an intuitive sense of that era with its severe houses, bare of moldings or sculpture, in which the virile austerity of ironwork contrasts with the clean brilliance of stucco? . . .

"The succession of styles in streets is the succession of styles in men; therefore ancient architecture is often respected and even revered because it recalls the construction and architecture of past souls. On the other hand, in cities of mediocre art and sensitivity, these features of their faces—for that is what streets, buildings, and plazas are—are readily displaced by others corresponding to a new life.

"There are streets for all temperaments. Earlier I analyzed certain impressions collected at random in a modern city, where the noise is infernal and where all the manifestations of man (also modern) are prompted by urgency. We seem to lack air to breathe there, and our spirit is crushed. We feel like one of a mass, a discouraging reality. We are offended by the modern street's despotic egoism, painful as the mechanical journey of man through our century.

"The street speaks to us of this truth, trying to suck us in too, but our spirit cannot tolerate being thus cut down to the common pattern. So we seek out quiet avenues where the sun and air do not have to ask leave of the huge cement beasts; where trees bestow cool shadows; where children play in wide green spaces; where life recovers the humanity lost in those harsh noisy regions. Then the street becomes for us an invitation. . . ."

# BOOKS



## DOWN TO EARTH

THE FIRST Inter-American Conference on the Conservation of Renewable Natural Resources, meeting in Denver, Colorado, in 1948, adopted only five resolutions. One of these, passed by acclamation, nominated "Big Hugh"—Dr. H. H. Bennett, Chief of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service—for the Nobel Peace Prize.

The nomination, by a group of scientists and technical men representing twenty-one American governments, is an impressive evaluation of Dr. Bennett's achievements. The delegates to the conference were specialists in the causes of the hunger, poverty, and insecurity that dynamically help to build wars and other social disorders. If Nobel Prize requirements will recognize nominations by specialists in international law while those made by such a group as that meeting in Denver are not acceptable to the Committee, the luster of the nomination is in no wise dimmed. Rather, it seems to indicate that the standards on which the Nobel prizes are awarded are as out of date in this lawless, atomic age as the dynamite that made the peace prize possible.

Hunger, land, resources, *lebensraum*—these factors exert increasingly important influence in the thinking and discussions of national and international leaders. Food, shelter, clothing, water, the paper that makes books and the press possible, are playing an ever more influential part in policy-making; and once in a while a statesman or politician even gives evidence of looking beyond them to the soil from which they are derived.

Where such understanding exists it is probably attributable in large part to the subject of Wellington Brink's biography *Big Hugh*. For Hugh Bennett, more than any other man in history, has helped us to realize our utter dependence on the top few inches of fertile soil. And by "us" I do not mean only North Americans. In every Latin American country in which I have worked, I have encountered an awareness of Dr. Bennett, not only among professional agriculturists, but in surprisingly remote areas. This little book is the story of his great battle for the fundamental means of survival—the soil that produces life's necessities.

It is a heartening book and one I commend sincerely to others who, often against great odds, are carrying on this same battle. For Hugh Bennett emerges in these pages not only as a wise and lovable and admirable human being, but also as a stubborn, courageous, and selfless fighter. Time after time, beginning in his uni-

versity years, he deliberately chose the hard way, often while lesser men deliberately sabotaged his efforts.

*Big Hugh's* battle is not so nearly won as this book suggests, but the progress that has been made is largely the result of his generalship. Almost fifty years of his devotion have made the way infinitely easier for those who are involved in the same campaign. If they seek encouragement they may find it in the obvious *joie de vivre* Hugh Bennett's life exemplifies; it is dubious whether many seventy-year-oldsters have had as good a time as he.



Soil conservationist  
"Big Hugh" Bennett

The book itself is touched by little of Bennett's greatness; its tone of sticky adulation reminds one at once of the campaign biography of a politician and the Sunday-night broadcast of a movie press agent. It is neither detached nor critical, and it makes some downright silly claims, such as: "The idea of using the land according to its capability and treating the land according to its needs certainly was his." It is less than generous in showing the part played by the remarkable group of men with which Bennett surrounded himself. Dr. Bennett is no fading lily, needing such gilding.

Despite such defects, the book places us in the author's debt. This is the first full-length story of a man whose beneficent, long-range influence on the lives of other men, over five continents, will be far greater than that of 99 per cent of those individuals whose names make the daily headlines.—*William Vogt*

*BIG HUGH*, by Wellington Brink, with a preface by Louis Bromfield. New York, The Macmillan Co., 1951. 167 p. \$2.75

## PRE-COLUMBIAN ESTHETICS

FOR MORE THAN twenty-five years, Wilhelm Worringer's ideas have been familiar to Spanish-speaking people interested in esthetics. Early fragments of his work appeared in Madrid's *Revista de Occidente* a quarter century ago. A little later the same magazine's publishing house offered us the complete volumes on Gothic and Egyptian art in which the German thinker developed his theories, introducing a novel psychological interpretation at a time when the dominant tendency was one of formalism.

Now another German, a disciple of Worringer, uses his master's system to investigate the vast, unexplored field of ancient Mexican art. Of course, we cannot overlook the excellent research previously done by Eulalia Guzmán, Salvador Toscano, George Vaillant, Alfonso Caso, and others in and out of Mexico who have worked to bring order to the subject of the esthetics of the great cultures that bloomed on Mexican soil.

But this new and vital contribution to these studies, Paul Westheim's book *Arte Antiguo de México (Ancient Art of Mexico)*, fulfills its function with responsibility and dignity, opening new horizons to future scholars. The author often draws upon his predecessors in the field. The result is an extensive, perfectly organized work, very clearly written. Treating archeological problems incidentally and descriptively, it introduces us to the field of esthetics, never losing track of the author's chief aim. It is a difficult achievement in dealing with cultures in which much still remains to be explained.

This quality of intellectual adventure resulting from the author's intuition and serene thought invests the work with a special charm and gives the reader an intimate understanding of the intangible world it describes. Westheim's theories may be accepted, modified, or refuted, but they cannot be ignored. These ideas, always supported by careful consideration of the works of art, are expressed in a way that invites thought and suggests possibilities for developing and even correcting the author's own views. His teacher Worringer asserted that "the base on which historical knowledge rests is always our own ego, with the conditions and limitations of our time. However much we strive to master a certain apparent objectivity, we can never manage to strip off the essential assumptions that are the foundation of our present thinking and feeling."

Accepting this premise of temporariness—inevitable with a work of this kind—as a principle of the author's philosophy, we must at the same time admit that no work of its caliber on the subject has appeared since Salvador Toscano's memorable *Arte Precolombino de México y de la América Central* (Mexico City, Universidad Autónoma de México, 1944).

After years of detailed study, Westheim considers the esthetics of the ancient Mexicans only as an expression of their respective religions. Serving a magic or mystic cause, the plastic arts were conditioned by complex hierarchies of gods. Esthetics was regarded as at the service of something else. Denying the principle of art for art's sake, these concepts strengthen the thesis

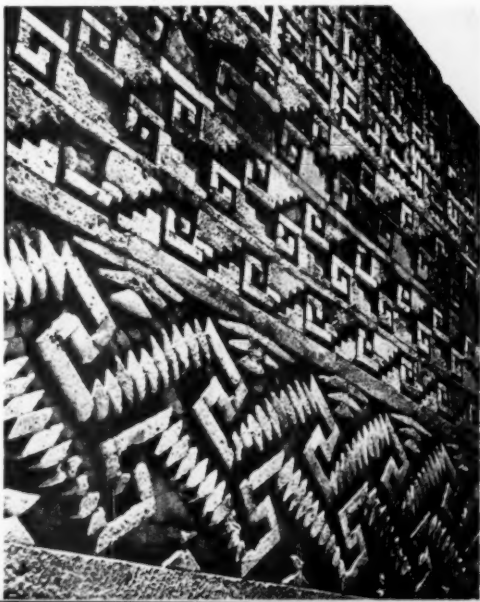
that there is perfect continuity in the artistic expression of the Mexican people down to the present day, when we analyze the survival of this "utilitarian" principle through the country's whole artistic tradition.

In other words, starting from Westheim's description of pre-Columbian art in Mexico as "the work of priests, and work that was closely prescribed," we have a line of thought that helps us explain, in principle, the wealth of Christian art during the colonial period, and the outstanding products of the mural painters in our own day. Mexican art from the beginning has been an art of ideas, or at the service of ideas. Following the magic and ritual of popular arts, we can establish an unbroken line of succession from the Aztec Coatlicue to the terrible, though universal, vision of man Orozco left in his best frescoes.

In Mexico's pre-Columbian art, Westheim tells us, "cult ritual determined the outlets for the creative personality. Thus, portraiture was ignored and all art was inspired only by a symbolic concept." Getting at the essence of its expression, the author states that "the contemplative conception of nature is unknown in pre-Columbian art."

Westheim contrasts the primitive Mexican's total concept of knowledge with the Western artist's concept, finding in the latter a pre-eminent sensory, optical system of perception. "When the artisan of ancient Mexico drew a tree," Westheim tells us, "he represented the trunk, the flowers, and the root. The root almost always has the form of a serpent's mouth or an eagle's beak, with which the trunk clings, one could say, to the body of the earth. The root is never missing. It is the characteristic, decisive element. The pre-Columbian man's representation of the tree is not complete without the sign of the root; without that, for him it would be only

Wall of ancient Zapotec building at Mitla in Oaxaca State, Mexico. Illustration from Paul Westheim's book.





a stick decorated with flowers. Western civilization's artist draws the trunk, the top, the branches, the foliage, sometimes with flowers. He relies on what is optically perceptible. The root lies below the surface of the soil, therefore he does not represent it."

Westheim contrasts the unlimited scope of a total knowledge, like that of the primitive Mexicans which has been able to survive and maintain fresh currents, with the conventional conceptions of Western art, limited and subordinated to the surrounding reality. Thus he helps give us hope for the future of those aspects of contemporary art, like the movements deriving from cubism, which want to play a more penetrating and significant role.

When he judges the pre-Columbian creators, Westheim approaches the much-debated problem of the abstract and the concrete from a sound point of view. His opinion again favors the postulates of the new art, perhaps unintentionally, when he shows that the ancient Mexicans did not recognize differences between the real and the unreal, because such boundaries could not be drawn in art that had a transcendental function. Westheim states that "what our theory of art calls 'close to nature' refers only to one mode of creating, which corresponds to the optical convention of our times." A convention, we could add, that has been going through crisis since the appearance of Cézanne.

In this volume we have a concise but exhaustive study of the characteristics and manifestations of art in Mexico's major cultures. The prehistoric artisans, the Mayas, the Teotihuacanos, the Zapotecs, the Aztecs, and the Tarascans are duly presented and analyzed as creators. In this extraordinary book the text, in a fluid and excellent translation that does not read like one, is accompanied by magnificent reproductions.—José Gómez Sicre

ARTE ANTIGUO DE MÉXICO, by Paul Westheim. Translated from the German by Mariana Frank. Mexico City, Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1950. 356 p. Illus. 35 Mexican pesos

## UP THE GREAT RIVER

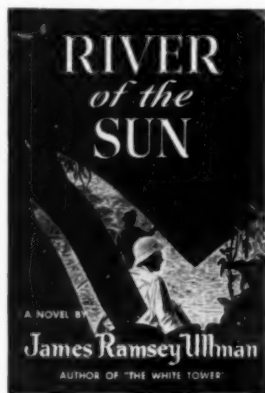
A NOVEL with an Amazonian setting, *River of the Sun*, by James Ramsey Ullman, was the January selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and is still riding high on the list of best-sellers. While it is difficult to say to what extent an exotic locale will lure the great public into reading a particular work of fiction, Mr. Ullman's authentic and vivid rendering of the geographic environment he selected pervades the whole book and is its main claim to distinction. However hazy, improbable, or overwrought some of the characters may seem to the reader, river and jungle remain genuine throughout.

Apparently the author could not decide whether he wanted to write an adventure story or a psychological novel; the result is that the book falls short of being either. The narrative of an expedition struggling toward an El Dorado of gold and oil in the upper valley of the Amazon lacks pace and suspense, while the inner con-

licts of its ill-assorted members seem contrived and somewhat repetitious.

Mr. Ullman has been more effective in portraying some of the secondary characters than in breathing life and purposefulness into his three main protagonists. The U.S. ex-pilot holed up in Manaus who agrees to accompany the expedition into the jungle because an intriguing compatriot is going alone to retrieve her scientist husband remains to the end of the book likable but inconclusive. The woman never really comes into focus and is annoyingly slow in making up her mind. As for the scientist, he comes closer to having a distinctive and powerful personality, but he never quite makes it. Which is probably just as well, for the reader soon suspects that here is a potential colossal bore.

Not so with Mordecai Cobb. This hardbitten, indelible Yankee, who has never known any home but the Amazon Valley and who is now part of the human flotsam of the great river, gains in sharpness and plausibility as the expedition inches toward its exasperatingly indefinite goal. Whether he is belligerently emerging from a drunken stupor, ready with sarcasm, wit, and melancholy wisdom, or preparing to disappear in the uncharted wilderness crushed under a load of provisions filched from company stores and with the local beauty



in tow, Cobb holds the interest of the reader. To a lesser degree, other minor characters sound true. But they are not enough to make up for the lack of tautness in the story and the shadowy substance of the principals.

The author is sympathetic to Brazil and at times even goes out of his way to say something nice. However, the implication is clear that the gigantic task of exploring, developing, settling the Amazon Valley has to be shouldered by devoted foreigners, especially North Americans of enterprise and vision. This has been the approach taken by practically every book on the Amazon published in the United States; *River of the Sun* will merely compound an already established conviction in the minds of the trusting U.S. public.

To Brazilians such a view will come as somewhat of a surprise. After all, we had a hard enough time wrestling

the Amazon Valley from the British, who had built a string of forts up the river. Nor was it easy to keep out imperial Spain. Or the French, for that matter. Once the valley was secure, the problem of settling and developing it had to be solved by a nation with a relatively small population for its huge size, whose great cities lay thousands of miles south of the river, and whose natural axis of westward expansion led first into the vast Central Plateau, with its bracing climate and promising resources.

Even so, the Amazon was never forgotten or abandoned. The *caboclos*, backwoodsmen who came in by the thousands from the northeastern states and of whom Mr. Ullman speaks with such affectionate concern, have done an amazing job of trail blazing and pioneering under handicaps that have to be seen to be believed. I remember a riverboat trip up the Amazon on which my companion and mentor was a doctor with SESP, that magnificent U.S.-Brazilian public-health enterprise. Dr. Gastão Cesar de Andrade, now one of the heads of the service at its Rio headquarters, had a tranquil, abiding faith in the *caboclo*. The gist of what he told me one afternoon was this: "Everybody who comes here seems to feel so sorry for the *caboclos*. Not me. I was born here, and I know and admire them. They are kind, and hardy, and intelligent. Basically, all they need is schools and protection against disease. They can lick the valley, then."—*Hernane Tavares de Sá*

RIVER OF THE SUN, by James Ramsey Ullman. Philadelphia and New York, J. B. Lippincott, 1951. 444 p. \$3.50

## ALL ABOUT OIL

THE IMPORTANCE OF PETROLEUM in war and peace is obvious. And not only the great industrial powers but virtually every nation now shows concern for a dependable supply of this essential material. As Herbert Feis, one of the contributors to *World Geography of Petroleum*, points out, the outstanding feature of the situation, to a student of politics, is that "while the demand for oil is world-wide, the great sources of supply are few and separated."

This book tells where the oil is and how it is processed and distributed. *World Geography of Petroleum* is the sort of book for which the lay reader has long been waiting. Too much of the specialist's knowledge is buried where it is unavailable even to people with decisions to make. The American Geographical Society is to be congratulated on the manner in which it set about filling the need, bringing together twenty-one specialists to write this comprehensive and comprehensible handbook, under the editorship of Wallace E. Pratt and Dorothy Good. The authors deal with areas they know well. For example, Guillermo Zuloaga, formerly chief geologist of Creole Petroleum Corporation, writes the thirty-one pages on Venezuela, while G. M. Lees, chief geologist of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, does the forty-four pages on "The Middle East as a Whole."

Although written largely by geologists, the book discusses economics, business organization, technology, com-

mercial utilization, legislation, government policy, and wartime strategy. Technical terms are kept to a minimum, diagrams and glossaries are there to guide the non-technical reader. The volume is profusely illustrated with photographs, specially prepared maps, and statistical tables.

Of particular interest to the general reader are the chapters "The Availability of Petroleum—Today and Tomorrow," by Harvard professor Kirtley F. Mather, and "The Effect of the World Distribution of Petroleum on the Power and Policy of Nations," by Herbert Feis of the State Department. Professor Mather assures us that, while known petroleum reserves are sufficient for only a few decades at present rates of consumption,



International Petroleum Co. refinery and town of Talara, Peru. Illustration from *World Geography of Petroleum*

new drilling keeps changing the estimates and, moreover, science and technology have provided an alternative source of supply, by extraction from oil shale or synthetic production from coal, to eliminate worry on that score.

Mr. Feis' discussion points up the importance of petroleum not only as a material essential to military action but also as a factor in determining whether peace will be maintained. He also reveals the connections between the oil industry and the general level of international trade, noting that when other countries find themselves unable to pay for the oil they need, their resentment may be directed against the British and U.S. companies, which control so much of the supply and require payment in dollars or pounds sterling. Acknowledging that military preparedness now dictates official attitudes toward world petroleum problems, he outlines a plan for future international agreement on questions of production and distribution.

Every library should have a copy of this excellent reference work.—*A.H.R.* and *G.C.*

WORLD GEOGRAPHY OF PETROLEUM, edited by Wallace E. Pratt and Dorothy Good. Princeton, N. J., published for the American Geographical Society by Princeton University Press, 1950. 464 p. Illus. \$8.50.



IRENE PIAZZA, Argentina



MARIA TERESA JIMENEZ, Bolivia



ARLENE NIETO DOS REIS, Brazil



MARIA AMPARICA AMAYA, Chile



LOU ANN RESTREPO, Colombia



LILIBETH PEREZ, Costa Rica



MIRIAM RIVERY, Cuba



SONIA A. HERRERA, Dominican Republic



ARGENTE MARIA FENATERRA, Ecuador



ANA TERESA CASTRO, El Salvador



MARIA DURAN, Guatemala



MARIE FOUCHE, Haiti

When the cherry blossoms bloom, it's festival time in Washington, and this year the Latin touch was a happy innovation. Here are twenty princesses, one from each American republic. They graced the entourage of the Cherry Blossom Queen (bottom right), who was chosen from fifty-one princesses representing the forty-eight states and U.S. territorial possessions. On April 6, 7, and 8, they attended receptions, balls, and musical programs as the nation's capital welcomed the arrival of spring.



CAMILA RIDENCE



EUGENIA VAZQUEZ DE MENA



YVETA CUADRA, Nicaragua



CARLOTA FARDINI, Panama



GLORIA A. AYAS, Paraguay



MARIA JAN JANCIN, Peru



MARIA ELVIRA, Uruguay



ELLEN PARUS, Venezuela



CHERRY BLOSSOM QUEEN  
MALDI TARRI, Wyoming

# OAS

## FOTO FLASHES



**Haiti became** the twelfth country to lend its signature to a top Hemisphere document when its OAS Representative, Joseph L. Dejean (center), deposited ratification of the OAS Charter, or constitution, at the Pan American Union on March 28. Joining six other countries which preceded it, Haiti at the same time ratified the Pact of Bogotá, the inter-American treaty for the peaceful settlement of disputes. Looking on are (from left): OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger; Director of the PAU Department of International Law and Organization Charles G. Fenwick; and OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras.

**On March 9,** Washington's National Museum (part of the Smithsonian Institution) opened an exhibition of works of modern Salvadorean artists under the joint auspices of the Pan American Union and the Ambassador of El Salvador. At the opening are (from left, standing): Envoy Hector David Castro of El Salvador; artist Ana Julia Alvarez with her son; and Sra. de Castro. Showing the small cowboy the exhibition catalogue, which lists seven of his works, is the noted painter-sculptor Salarrue, who is also cultural attaché of his country's Embassy in Washington.



**When Mayor Eduardo Dibos** (right) of Lima, Peru, recently visited Washington to discuss with International Road Federation officials plans to hold the Fifth Pan American Highway Congress in Lima next October 8 through 14, he and District Commissioner John Russell Young exchanged the keys of their respective cities. Commissioner Young was delighted with the Peruvian gift—a beautiful silver replica, in a blue-velvet-lined leather case, of the keys the Spanish kings once gave their viceroys as symbols of authority. In his eleven years as one of the heads of the District of Columbia government, he had given out many keys to the city, but had never received one in return.



**For more than thirty years** Dr. Eugenio C. Noé (left of post) has been the Pan American Union's agent in Argentina. Here he is delivering a short speech in Buenos Aires commemorating *Día del Arbol* (Arbor Day), when school children plant trees to stress importance of reforestation. Dr. Noé is president of the Argentine Vicente López Flora and Fauna Commission Ad Honorem, some of whose officials surround him.



**The Inter-American Statistical Institute,** which stimulates and streamlines the gathering of statistics throughout the Hemisphere, held the seventh session of its executive committee at the Pan American Union recently. Reflecting the successful tenor of the meeting as they receive latest census reports from Latin America are (from left): IASI Secretary General Halbert L. Dunn; Vice-Presidents Amos E. Taylor and Luis E. Laso; President Roberto Vergara; Vice-President Herbert Marshall; and IASI Assistant Secretary General Francisco de Abrisqueta.

## COLOMBIA'S GRAND OLD MAN

(Continued from page 19)

explains objectively and with implacable disinterest the motives behind man's lament over his destiny in the midst of the splendor of a portentous physical civilization and a culture that has made this splendor possible.

His latest book, *De Mi Vida y Otras Vidas* (*Of My Life and Others*), is autobiographical. Of it Sanin Cano wrote in a letter to an intimate friend: "... Reminiscences of contact with other men include facts about the one who reminisces, from which a reader who is moderately alert, without being cunning, can get an idea of his spiritual constitution if such a thing exists. 'Tell me with whom you walk and I will tell you who you are,' is a maxim that would be presumptuous applied here, but even so the book can give an idea, not of what the author is, but of what he would have liked to be. . . . On the other hand, it would have been very difficult for me to give an indication of my views on politics, on philosophy. As you know, I am the species of politician called with varying meaning 'a liberal of Rionegro.' The Conservatives have me down as a member of the Liberal Party; some Liberals believe me a Conservative; others are sincerely but irrationally frightened at my communism. As a political figure, I would have made no more than an obscure, incomprehensible sketch. After all, I am more 'un pauvre petit être mystérieux comme tout le monde' (a common man as mysterious as anyone else), as the clear-sighted Maeterlinck said in another sense. . . . For the rest, what is most important in politics is not to have principles and ideas, but to seem to have them."

This book of Sanin Cano's completes perfectly, though without an ending, the parabola of his activity as a writer. It is a volume of memories, and for this reason could have been a long page of tenderness, done with the touching accent implicit in goodbyes to things and people obliterated by time. But with "a sensitive fidelity to the laws of intelligence and to that elusive gift of humor that shines in all his work, Sanin Cano develops his memoirs in a literary fashion, giving them the same care and austere treatment he would have given a philological theory.

Principally from the point of view of style, Sanin Cano is a strange and solitary exception among Spanish American writers of the generation to which he belongs. In the lyrical forest created by José Enrique Rodó, Sanin Cano's prose is the only counterpoint heard. He seems like an English essayist lost in so much verbal din. His message, in style and ideas, appears full of balance and justice, without verbal arrogance, without apostolic pretense. In an age in which there was no room for humor in Spanish American literature because it was pervaded by figures of speech and dazzling metaphors, Sanin Cano continued to put a few grams of salt, a few drams of pepper, into the Olympian menu of fashionable theories.

Moreover, at the end of the nineteenth century in Colombia, Sanin Cano represented, and he still does, that kind of intellectual for whom the sense of the uni-



Sanin, the gardener

versal is an imperious spiritual necessity. During his early years *costumbrismo* limited Colombian literature and made it provincial. But the influence of Sanin Cano was decisive in breaking the narrow borders within which Colombian letters moved. At the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, many *bogotanos* found it amusing that Sanin Cano commented on the verses of German-language poets like Stefan George or Peter Altenberg. It seemed to them a sign of confusion or at least of snobbery.

In these last years, Sanin Cano's passion for travel has finally abated, and he has chosen for his earthly residence two Colombian cities: Bogotá and Popayán, one with a cool, the other with a tepid climate. "My baptismal certificate," as he says when referring to his

Sanin's books are sold everywhere throughout the Hemisphere. Here newsdealer spreads his wares in Bogotá park





age, obliges him to move, depending on the season, between the Colombian capital and the capital of Cauca. He divides the twelve months of the year more or less equally between the two. When the cold, the altitude, and the melancholy mists of Bogotá have had their insidious effect on his blood count and state of mind, he takes flight in search of Popayán's mellow atmosphere. There he finds a Spanish landscape brilliant with oaks of guileless green, peaceful hills, a river of melodious waters, and a diaphanous light, pierced at times by the tempest's lightning and the fiery trail of Puracé Volcano. There a large manor house called "Belalcázar" (belonging to the heirs of the famed poet Guillermo Valencia) awaits him, and a provincial and lordly peace—of which one of the most stimulating aspects is the beauty of Popayán's women, delicate, pale, slightly mysterious, with voices wavering seductively on the hazy border between whisper and song.

To "Belalcázar" the teacher has taken part of his library, to be, as he says, in the company of his best and lifelong friends: the Greek and Latin classics, the English and French poets, the ancient and modern critics and philosophers.



At ninety Baldomero Sanín Cano finds life in the Cauca Valley as it should be: peaceful, quiet, with rich memories of the past

In his modest, one-story house in Bogotá's Chapinero section, entered through a tiny garden where tall roses bloom, the teacher keeps most of his books and keepsakes. There each object recalls a trip, a person, a country, an event from a time gone by. In these tranquil surroundings he works, accompanied by his faithful servant María Elena Pardo, who came to his home a quarter of a century ago. It is her scheduled task to light at the exact hour the oil lamp, which sheds a stronger glow than an electric bulb on the pages over which the hand of the writer glides. To that house the master's friends come, to find him always smiling and cordial, with ready humor on his lips and the brilliance of his intellect intact. But most important, they find him younger than before, as if he had just defeated the demon time in invisible combat.

**BACKSTAGE AT THE CONFERENCE** (Continued from page 8)  
was managing one of its branch stores, four years later was assistant manager of the company.

### **Voice and Eyes of the Conference**

Probably not even the Foreign Ministers were more glamorized than the interpreters. If the former were the brains of the conference, the latter were certainly its voice, maintaining a pace that could make a radio hoarse. They used the simultaneous method whereby each interpreter translated the delegate's speech as he made it, some so assiduously that they even simulated the speaker's gestures. As any interpreter will tell you, a full eight hours' sleep and general good health are essential in such jobs, and no simultaneous interpreter should work more than one hour without a break. Two normally spelled each other in each of the four booths in the main committee rooms, covering the four official languages of the OAS. But at all-night sessions the teams were thinly spread, and once one "voice" had to work for more than five hours without let-up.

Interpreters are a high-strung, self-assured lot, who are fairly callous about working under pressure. Like bull-fighters or jai-alai players, most of them are young—rarely over thirty-five. As one said, "You have to be, in order to think at jet speed." They like to refer to one another as "the world's greatest" in their respective tongues. As in the theater, they have an unwritten tradition that the show must go on. Once anyone gives up, he's finished. They tell this story of how Nicaraguan-born Julio Vivas, who did a good share of the work from English into Spanish, won his spurs. One of the interpreters at the 1947 UNESCO Conference in Mexico City blew up at the high-flown wordage of philosopher Jacques Maritain's treatise. Vivas took over, handling each nuance with quick, coherent brilliance. Since then, he's been at the head of his profession, while the unfortunate who failed has never been seen since at an international conference.

No such tragedy marred the Washington conference's interpreting relations, which were run by thirtyish Robert A. Conrads, chief of the Language Service Division of the State Department. He handled a staff of seventy-three, of which twenty were actual interpreters—nine members of State, the rest free-lancers under contract. Besides Vivas, the staff included numerous celebrities in the interpreting world. There were Alvaro Galván, son of a former Dominican diplomat, whom General George C. Marshall has personally praised "for the excellence of his translations" and who is considered outstanding for his work from Spanish into English; phenomenal José A. de Seabra, "the best interpreter into Portuguese in the world," who is quadrilingual, able to swing instantly into English, French, Spanish, or Portuguese; Sra. Italia Morayta of Mexico, an ex-newspaperwoman, internationally known for her interpreting skill; Chilean Sergio Figueroa, whose years of residence in Geneva paid off in his remarkable interpretation of French; and many others variously famed for their self-possession, clarity, and precision. Their easiest subjects, incidentally, were

U.S. Secretary of State Dean G. Acheson. Because of his clear enunciation, and Undersecretary Willard Thorp, whom they termed "a joyride." On the other hand, Peruvian Foreign Minister Manuel C. Gallagher gave them a hard time with his rapid Spanish.

Backing up the interpreters were the technicians, the "larynx" of the conference, who operated the special interpreting, public-address equipment perfected by the UN at Lake Success and by the U.S. State Department's Language Service Division. Manufactured by International Business Machines on a non-profit basis as a contribution to international good-will, the equipment included twenty-two to twenty-five microphones for each of the conference tables, between seventy and eighty listening outlets in each of the two main-floor conference rooms, and 125 or more in the Hall of the Americas. In addition, a "wireless technique" was employed at all open sessions. This involved a special radio transmitter that sent out signals to be picked up on the portable receivers, somewhat bigger than a hearing aid. Each member of the audience could put on earphones, snap a button on the receiver, and hear what was going on in his particular language. In contrast to the interpreters, technicians are a quiet, unassuming group. Their job was to switch microphones, to change volume according to individual voice strength on all four language channels plus the one floor channel. At the conference, one was assigned to each meeting room and they worked on three-hour shifts. Their worst moments came when delegates in the heat of discussion forgot to ask for the floor, confusing the microphone switch; as a result, interpreters would be listening to a "dead" line. Other troubles arose when the cables were disconnected by an accidental kick from someone in the audience or when a tube blew. Nevertheless, repairs never took longer than two or three minutes, and interpreters and delegates alike wound up praising their larynx for its efficient handling of a difficult job.

The "eyes" of an international conference, in this case also under Mr. Conrad's supervision, are the translators, who do the paperwork interpretation of the various documents under discussion. Fifty-three of them in three daily shifts consistently put in more than the required eight hours. The biggest load was at night—the "graveyard shift"—because the committees needed material first thing next morning. Hard-working Beatrice Newhall, chief of the PAU translation section, has supervised translations at five international meetings in the past three years. Head of the conference's English division, she worked up to twenty-two hours at a stretch. "I'm getting sick of breakfast," she remarked. "But I never have time for anything else."

Unlike most conferences, this one had few slow periods. The translators' biggest headache was looking up frequent references to original documents, such as the OAS Charter, the reciprocal-assistance pact, and so on, to assure exact wording. Speed was of the essence. One morning at nine-thirty an ambassador walked in with a four-page speech. He wanted the English translation by ten-forty-five, so he could study it before delivering



Press rooms hummed with activity, especially after sessions, as correspondents phoned, teletyped their stories all over the globe it at a luncheon. He got it on time, and pronounced it highly satisfactory.

### Mr. Acheson's Day

The Foreign Ministers, stars of the show, had a no less taxing schedule. For instance, host Secretary of State Dean G. Acheson's. In spite of multiple demands on his time from the rest of the world, Mr. Acheson put in at least two or three extra hours daily during the conference. For thirty minutes to an hour each day, he studied documents and papers stating the positions of the various nations on separate issues. An equal amount of time went into briefings by his staff, which kept him abreast of the delegates' positions and the work in committees. Between March 20 and 30, Mr. Acheson saw each of the Foreign Ministers individually in visits averaging about fifteen minutes each. At night he bundled up papers to read in the comparative seclusion of his Georgetown home. He attended organizational meetings, presided at the inaugural and first plenary sessions. He participated in committee meetings, handled the formalities of the arrival of President Auriol of France, and went to receptions, luncheons, and stag dinners from one end of the city to the other.

### Coffee on the House

As necessary to conferees as to a *bogatano* was the coffee dispensed each day by the Pan American Coffee Bureau just outside the delegates' lounge. Daily consumption totaled thirty gallons, brewed at a local caterer's and brought over to the Union by truck every morning. Fifteen gallons each of U.S.- and South American-style coffee were available, served in regular-size and demi-tasse cups respectively, but during the early days more South American (about twenty gallons a day) was drunk, because people wanted to sample it. Just what country the Latin American coffee came from was the Bureau's "state secret," but connoisseurs declared it to be Santos No. 4 from Brazil. At the opening, 194 silver-plated demi-tasse spoons were on hand; by the end of the first week enthusiastic souvenir hunters had reduced the

number to eighty. Coffee consumption went on apace.

### Sample Delegation

Of the delegations that poured into the Capital from all over the Hemisphere, the largest was the Brazilian, with sixty-nine people—foreign office officials ranking from first secretary down to code clerks, typists, and accountants; plus congressmen, businessmen, and military men serving as counselors and advisers. Many brought their wives. There were also ten Brazilian journalists representing seven newspapers and one news agency. Twelve of the delegates were recruited in the United States from the Washington Embassy or the United Nations. Forty-six flew up from Brazil in a huge, double-decker Pan American Airways stratocruiser. The plane was supposed to leave Rio at 3:30 p.m. But someone hinted it would be delayed for two hours, so a couple of the passengers left the airport to put in their time more profitably. When everything was set at four-thirty, the plane had to wait for the two prodigals, who finally showed up very apologetic. After that, the trip was smooth; everyone felt fine and the big plane's bar served as a pre-conference "committee" meeting place.

Landing in Washington, the delegates descended on half a dozen hotels, most going to the Shoreham and the Willard. Top brass was at the Shoreham, where five rooms were used for office space and conferences. Desks, typewriters, and files were moved into the makeshift offices, but the hotel's bedroom lamps and lighting fixtures were

trouble with the Brazilians, but, with individual delegates from other countries also registered at the hotel, they reported a few difficulties. "The worst thing," said one of the girls, "is when you ask them to repeat a word and they start to holler. Now if you can get them to spell, it's a cinch." Another operator complained that names were hardest of all to understand (and, of course, some delegates argued that they often couldn't understand their own names when given an Anglo-Saxon twist). "The other day," said one of the girls, "I had a long-distance call for a delegate. When I rang his room, his wife answered and I couldn't make her understand. She kept talking Spanish. I got desperate and consulted the front desk, where I was told to call back and ask for the *señor*. When I did, I hardly had to bother at all—he answered the phone himself." Another delegate kept calling the operator and saying "T." Any request for explanation would only bring a repetition in a louder tone. Finally, he seemed to have an inspiration and said "Tea, toast." He got the order right away.

But many delegates decided the food was tougher to get used to than English. One said, "Breakfast is fine. I enjoy it a lot more than at home. But lunch and dinner are so terribly different. And what wouldn't I give for a real cup of coffee!"

### Meet the Press

Since seating capacity at the conference was limited, few sessions were open to the public. As a security measure, admission to the PAU building was by card only. All sorts of odd credentials turned up in requests for press passes. Irish-born, Madrid-educated Michael Lever, PAU press chief in charge of press relations at the conference, was tearing his hair over letters like the one from Miss Latin America, Inc., demanding six cards for their executives. Close to 450 members of the press were accredited to the conference, including correspondents, newsreel and radio commentators, and photographers.

About forty of these were visiting Latin American correspondents. State Department offices for foreign journalists in both Washington and New York were at their disposal, helping with visa or travel questions, source material and research facilities, and arranging interviews. At conference headquarters, special press rooms were available, equipped with telephone and telegraphic facilities, typewriters, and teleprinters for the wire services.

After the opening meetings, most of the work was done in committee. These gatherings were restricted. Six or eight times daily—after each session—Lever summarized for the newspapermen what went on in committee, until "When's the next briefing?" became a melancholy refrain in his ears.

That all conference backstagers did a top-notch job was clear from the fact that this meeting became a pilot project for future gatherings. Thus a representative of the Pan American Railroad Congress, which is scheduled for 1953, was on hand to observe the planning stages and see how a conference sets itself up in business and becomes a going concern.



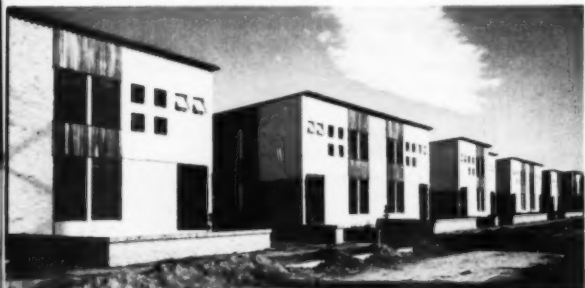
Working under pressure. Interpreters like Brazil's Mary C. Oram had to be quick, accurate, untroubled

far from adequate. Neatly labeled chests of drawers held vital office supplies. Almost no delegation escaped U.S. advertising persistence. Salesmen left their cards. A printed leaflet told in detail why everybody, including diplomats returning home by plane, should own a set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Suite 303-F was the nerve center of Brazilian operations. Work went on sometimes from nine in the morning until two the following day. Lunch and supper were squeezed in whenever possible. Three telephones jangled constantly. Obliging Shoreham operators, trying to cope with the extra calls, claimed they didn't have too much



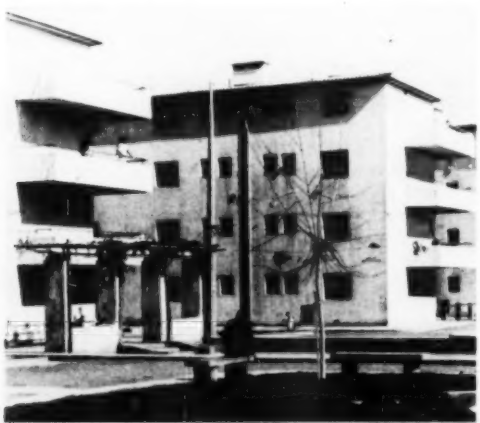
*Air view of Mexico's biggest housing project, named for President Alemán, with novel apartment design by Mario Pani*



*Government agency built these middle-class houses near Bogotá, Colombia, combining wood, brick, plaster, and fieldstone*



*Guatemala, which has vigorous housing campaign, builds simple, low-cost homes like these*



## TO HOUSE A HEMISPHERE

*(Continued from page 15)*

them. Such methods offer a particularly promising field for further research.

Lima, Peru, made an important contribution to the idea of integrated neighborhood development in low-cost housing, with schools, church, shops, market, civic center, theater, sports area, and so on, all on the project, at "Neighborhood No. 3" (AMERICAS, November 1950). Mexico's biggest housing development, the President Alemán Center in the capital intended for government "white collar" employees hard hit by inflation, is another example of integrated neighborhood development. It uses the "vertical" solution adopted by the New York Housing Authority and in other places where land values are extremely high, with the buildings covering 20 per cent of the land area. In the thirteen-story structures, apartments are arranged in a novel fashion: units are on two floors, with living room either above or below the bedrooms. Mario Pani's design limits public halls and elevator stops to every third floor, allowing a higher percentage of the building's footage for actual living area. The ground floor is left for shops and services.

Costa Rica gave a new twist to cost-saving by putting convicts to work building prefabs in the prison shop. This way, a two-family house with land and improvements costs only around \$1,400, or \$700 per family, while the convicts earn a small wage and time off their sentences. Throughout Central America, public housing activity is stirring, as PAU housing specialist Anatole Solow reported in "Central America's New Skyline" (AMERICAS, April 1950).

Venezuela has had considerable experience in slum clearance and housing construction, and is engaged in a far-reaching remodeling of the capital, Caracas, which Francis Violich described in "Caracas Facelifting" (AMERICAS, April 1951). Brazilian architects have successfully developed new structural forms for protection in tropical areas from the direct rays of the sun, and in housing projects they have emphasized complete community facilities.

Such countries as Argentina and Ecuador have garnered a special kind of experience in planning and rebuilding earthquake-leveled cities. The carefully-laid-out new city of San Juan, Argentina, is growing rapidly where the old city was destroyed in 1944. The 1949 quake left not a single house standing in Pelileo, Ecuador, and hit many other towns severely. Long-range regional and city planning is going into the reconstruction job, which is being paid for by a special tax on liquors, cigarettes, and so on. It wasn't possible to move Pelileo very far, but geological conditions should make the new site, a few miles away, a safer one. In the complete community plan, most of the houses face dead-end streets, providing safer play areas for children and savings on road-building and utilities over what a conventional gridiron layout would cost. Since experts figured 75 per cent of the casualties and damage was caused by poor building methods, Ecuador has adopted a model building code aimed at insuring sound construction. A special OAS

*Workers' apartment houses, Santiago, Chile. To replace slums, Hemisphere needs more, cheaper construction*

fund for technical assistance in Ecuadorean reconstruction provided the services of authorities on earthquake engineering, and recently sent a special mission to Ecuador to advise on housing and reconstruction planning.

Other countries can also offer the new housing center knowledge and skills in planning and building methods, and all can benefit from the center's findings and training programs. Cutting the costs will make decent homes possible for millions who have never had one; better living conditions should improve earning power; and construction will stimulate economic activity, helping to close that gap between low incomes and high housing costs from both directions. That's the sort of thing "Point Four" and the OAS technical cooperation program are shooting for.

## WANT A SCHOLARSHIP?

FIVE SCHOLARSHIPS are being offered by the Summer School of the University of Havana to cover the tuition of U.S. nationals who wish to study Spanish at the session beginning July 2. Applicants must have a working knowledge of Spanish and hold at least a bachelor's degree.

All interested should write to the Division of Education, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C., which will select the candidates by May 25. Letters should state educational background, professional or other experience, and age. Two letters of reference must be included, one from a college official acquainted with the applicant's educational standing and one from a person familiar with any professional or other work the applicant has done.

For detailed information on the courses offered, facilities for foreign students, and so on, see the catalog of the University of Havana Summer School and the Pan American Union's bulletin, *Opportunities for Summer Study in Latin America, 1951*. That bulletin, compiled by Estellita Hart and Dorothy Wilson, is available from the PAU Division of Education. It gives details on courses, requirements, fees, registration, housing arrangements, and special features of programs that will be offered at thirteen Latin American universities and institutes in Costa Rica, Cuba, and Mexico; touring courses to Mexico and Colombia planned by a number of U.S. colleges; and a variety of other educational tours and service projects.

## FOR YOUR RECORD LIBRARY

RECOMMENDED BY Pru Devon, Producer-Commentator, "Nights in Latin America," Radio Station WQXR, New York; and Evans Clark, whose well-known record library supplies most of the music.

**1. CANCIONES PARA VARONES** *Allegro 17*  
Last month the Allegro company released a recording for children by Virginia Dalmar that has already been reviewed in this column. Now it is followed by an equally fine one sung by Pablo Frontaura, accompanied variously by a guitar duo or piano. The songs are of the circle, game-song type, one or two including the additional touch of a children's chorus. *San Sereni, Ris Rás, No Me Grites (Don't Shout at Me), El Capotín (The Little Cape), El Charro, Carta del Rey ha Venido (A Letter from the King Has Arrived), and Mi Mamá Me Aconsejaba (My Mother Used to Counsel Me)* are the cheerful little songs. Both these Allegro juveniles should fill a long-felt need in home and schoolroom.

**2. LOS ARRAYANES** *Colombian Bambuco*  
**LA GUABINA DE SALUSTIANA** *Colombian Guabina SMC 1281*  
The Dalmar Trio, three male voices and strings, gives a gentle but satisfying performance of two distinctively Colombian rhythms. The lilting *bambuco*, related to the waltz, is traditionally smooth and nostalgic; the classic *guabina* is frequently stormy and highly syncopated in flavor.

**3. FOLK AIRS OF SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA** *Concert Hall 57*  
Here is another welcome addition to the growing field of Latin American folk and popular music available for 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  r.p.m. An interesting inter-American angle to this recording is that the performing artist, Mabel Luce, is a New Yorker. For years an established radio and concert mezzo-soprano, Miss Luce was tremendously attracted to the infectious melodies and provocative rhythms of the Latin Americans, and has specialized most successfully in their folk songs. As record collectors are well aware, few recordings of Central American tunes are available, so the two charming folk songs she includes—one from Guatemala and another from Costa Rica—are a valuable addition to the other ten regional songs from Peru, Ecuador, Brazil, Colombia, and Venezuela. The accompaniment is expertly handled by the two Colombian guitarists A. Chaparro and M. Boanegra.

**4. CALYPSO** *Trinidad*  
**MERINGUES** *Haiti* *Ethnic Folkways FP 8*  
Another 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  contribution, these two collections are combined on one disc for long players, but are also available in an album for regular speed. Both Calypso and *meringue* forms have perhaps a limited appeal, lacking the rich musical qualities of, say, Mexico or South America. Harold Courlander, famous for his studies of Haiti, supervised the *meringues*, and provides a helpful guide in an excellent booklet that accompanies the album.

**5. OCAMANLLE** *Cuban Canto Negro*  
**TUMBADOR** *Cuban Rumba Negra* *Victor 23-1254*  
If you enjoy dance music with a strong, exciting African flavor, and with phenomenal percussion effects, you will delight in these two strange selections. *Tumbador*, especially, with its rolling, insistent drums, pulsates with the atmosphere of the Congo.

**6. LO NUESTRO TERMINO** *Bolero*  
**AMOR DEL ALMA** *Bolero* *Victor 23-0502*  
In striking contrast to the Afro-Cuban recording above is the serene charm of the reliable Vegahajeño Trio. Both these *boleros* offer the same romantic appeal as tropical dining under the moon, or perhaps the pounding surf of Acapulco, Havana, or San Juan.

**7. COPLAS** *Argentine Canción*  
**LA MULITA** *Argentine Canción* *Victor 26-9019*  
Brazilian artist Olga Coelho lends her musicianship and charm to two completely beguiling folk songs of Argentina. Miss Coelho, undoubtedly one of the outstanding interpretive artists in this field today, has a strong and sparkling voice, and her guitar work is brilliant. The two songs require completely different moods, providing fine examples of her skill and versatility. *Coplas* is deeply moving, slow and somber, with drum effects on the body of the guitar. *La Mulita* is an entrancing, rippling melody, full of gaiety and humor.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### SHE BUILT HER OWN

Dear Sirs:

The article "They Build Their Own" by Darrell Huff in the February issue of *AMERICAS* interested me very much. While your magazine extols the virtues of amateurs in distant California, Indiana, and so on, who perpetuate the pioneer spirit by building their own homes, can it have escaped you that I, too—your fellow PAU staff member who has taken so many pictures for *AMERICAS*—

built my own house? Perhaps Washington, D. C., didn't occur to you as a wilderness or your own staff members as pioneers, yet just eight miles from the doorstep of the *AMERICAS* office stands the little two-room cottage that I built a year and a half ago, with the help of my father and half a dozen good-Samaritan PAU staff members.

To my father I must give credit, of course, for engineering the project and getting the house up in our two weeks' vacation. But after he left and I moved in, little by little, with written advice and instructions, I finished the inside walls, partition, insulation; I hung the door and windows, installed the casings, trim, and baseboard, laid the asphalt tile floor, built the chimney, putied and painted inside and out, attached the rain gutters, and built the privy.

As Mr. Huff states in the article, there is pleasure in occupying a house you built yourself. And the satisfaction turns to triumph when, during the first rainstorm after you finish your chimney, you find that the roof doesn't leak because you did a good job flashing your chimney. If you are renting a house, you will surely complain if the roof leaks, but what tenant is going to shout with delight because it does not leak? I did.

Congratulations on the excellent article and come over to my place some time.

Frances Adelhardt  
Photographer, PAU Press Section  
Washington, D. C.

### ILLUMINATION

Dear Sirs:

In "Spotlight on the Caribbean," the very splendid article by Virginia Prewett and William R. Mizelle (January *AMERICAS*), there are two misleading items. First, the portion reading: "... it was announced that Braniff Airways has given twenty-five round trips a year to Latin Americans as scholarship aids, and the Kellogg Company of Battle Creek, Michigan, recently established five hundred scholarships, to be used by Latin Americans over a long period, ..." Both the round trips and the scholarships were for general university purposes throughout the country in which the University of Florida could, of course, participate. ... Second, Dr. Wilson Popenoe was not "lent to the University." A great friend of the University of Florida, [he] came to the Conference on the Caribbean Area at Mid-Century at our invitation and took a major part in it. ...

J. Hillis Miller  
President, University of Florida  
Gainesville, Florida

Dear Sirs:

The article "Spotlight on the Caribbean" ... states that, as chief of the Latin American Unit of the United Nations' Division of Economic Stability and Development, I spoke at the Conference on *UN technical aid to Latin America*. I did take part in the Conference ... but my subject was *commerce in Latin America*. I hope you will make this correction.

Manuel Mesa A.  
New York, N. Y.

### PERU ON THE HIGH SEAS

Dear Sirs:

In *AMERICAS* (December 1950) I read about Western Hemisphere merchant fleets in "America on the High Seas," by Marcos Falcón Briceño. I know that within the scope of such an article it is impossible to give a detailed account of each country's fleet, but so little was said about Peru that I would like to add something.

The history of Peru's fleet goes back to December 16, 1903, when a law was promulgated authorizing the executive branch of the government to contract with private shipping companies to assure regular coastwise service. In 1906 a law was passed to form a national shipping company, to establish direct service between the ports of Callao and Panama City, Guayaquil, Valparaíso, among others; at the same time construction of a floating dock in Callao was authorized. A Peruvian law of 1918 indicated that in hauling national cargo, preference should be given to Peruvian ships. Subsequently, in 1935 and 1944, new laws were passed gradually expanding and eventually reorganizing the company. A decree of July 31, 1946 declared that "the new state corporation created by decree on July 18, 1944 should be called the Peruvian Steamship Corporation."

The monthly *Industria Peruana* for July 1950 contained the following information about the tonnage of the present fleet: "For international service, four steamships and five motor-powered ships, totaling 47,700 tons. For major coastal trade, four steamships, with a total of 11,500 tons. For minor coastal trade, one motor-powered ship, one steamboat, and seven motor schooners, totaling 2,715 tons. For river service, two steamboats, seven lifeboats, two motor schooners, three tugs, three barges, and one motor launch, totaling 4,972 tons."

Finally, the Corporation's Management Report for 1949 carries this reminder: "... We should bear in mind the invaluable and numerous services rendered by the Corporation during the last two wars when, for obvious reasons, ships of foreign registry abandoned our coasts. What would the country's plight have been then if in those emergencies it had not had its own merchant fleet?"

Luis Mejía Lizarzaburu  
Lima, Peru

### GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

- 1 F. Adelhardt
- 2 H. J. Meyle, State Department (F. Adelhardt (3))
- 3 H. J. Meyle, State Department (2) F. Adelhardt
- 4, 5 F. Adelhardt
- 6, 7, 8 F. Adelhardt
- 9 Wide World
- 10 Ben Greenhaus, Columbia Concerts (Louis McLancon)
- 11 Louis McLancon (above)
- 12 Sledge Leland (left)
- 13 Courtesy U.S. Housing and Home Finance Agency (2)
- 14 Courtesy PAU Housing and City Planning Section (2)
- 15 Courtesy PAU Housing, Foto Industrial, Bogotá (Courtesy PAU Housing)
- 16 Wolf, Bogotá
- 17 Scott Seegers (2)
- 18 Scott Seegers (left)
- 19 Scott Seegers (Senana, Bogotá (2))
- 20 E. Matos Mar, Eugen Berg Hassell (2)
- 21 A. Guillén (2)
- 22 E. Matos Mar, A. Guillén
- 23, 24, 25 Courtesy Dr. E. W. Palm
- 26 Mary A. Eades
- 27 Betty Wilson, Mary A. Eades
- 28 H. J. Meyle, State Department
- 29 Ernest Rathenau
- 30 Collier, Standard Oil Co.
- 31 F. Adelhardt (3)
- 32 Wolf, Scott Seegers
- 33 F. Adelhardt
- 34, 35 F. Adelhardt
- 36 Compañía Mexicana Aeródromo Foto Industrial, Courtesy PAU Housing
- Inside back cover Scott Seegers

Opposite: Detail of beautiful sixteenth-century house in Lima, Peru, built by the widow of the conquistador Martín de Alcánte



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